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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Florentine History, from the Earliest Authentic Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany. By HENRY EDWARD NAPIER, R.N. Vol. I. Moxon. 1846.

THIS is to be a very elaborate history. Six volumes are promised, but if the rule of proportion be observed, many more will be required for the fulfilment of Captain NAPIER's design.

Great as are the attractions that belong to Florence, and interesting the events with which her history is associated, we cannot but think that the author has taken an exaggerated view of the comparative importance in relationship of the little principality to the rest of the European family of States. If Florence demands six volumes, what library could contain those that should record upon the same scale the histories of other nations? We agree with Captain NAPIER that "the manners and customs of a people, their laws, social state, physical comforts, and moral condition," cannot be fairly or usefully displayed in brief descriptions of political facts or military exercises; but that is no reason for rushing into the opposite extreme, and detailing the events of the past as minutely as a newspaper reporter deems it necessary to record all the petty particulars relating to incidents of the passing hour. It is in this that the difference lies between the penny-a-liner and the historian. The business of the former is expansion,—of the latter brevity; the one is required to magnify the matter in hand, and give it a factitious importance, both absolutely and relatively; the province of the other is to replace events to their proper perspective, to view them in their relationship one to another, and to distinguish the important from the unimportant. In doing this he is not unfrequently required to reverse the judgment of contemporaries; to give prominence to much that to them appeared trifling, and to throw aside as trivial that which at the moment of its occurrence filled all eyes, and was deemed to influence the destinies of humanity.

Observing this law of proportion, it is manifest that Captain NAPIER has started upon a false theory of the business of an historian. But perhaps he aspires only to the humbler, but yet not ignoble task of the chronicler. If so, he promises to perform his duties well, and the minuteness of detail that constitutes a vice in the former will be an excellent virtue in the latter. For the present, at least, until more of his work is before us, we

must accept the *Florentine History*, not as a History, but as a Chronicle.

And thus viewed it is a very acceptable and amusing work. Captain NAPIER has bestowed upon it vast industry and pains-taking. He has acquainted himself intimately with the place and the people, and thus has laid the only secure foundation for correct and animated descriptions. It is impossible, for instance, that any writer, however vivid his imagination, can properly paint a battle without having first visited the field of the fight, and having in his mind's eye a perfect panorama of its form and features. This Captain NAPIER has taken care to do, and the result is seen in a most picturesque narrative, whenever he has occasion to associate his story with places and the aspect of the country forms a part of the event.

It is but fair, however, to let him be heard in his own defence on the charge of needless expansion. His plea is at least ingenious. "Why," says he, "write so long a story about so small a country? Because history like learning, conveys the medicine into men's minds by the quickness and penetration of examples; because her lessons, which are the records of experience, and the beacons of human error, may, as in the Grecian republics, be taught with equal benefit from the acts of a small as of a great community; because Florence performed as conspicuous a part in Italy, as Athens did in Greece; because she was one of the head-nurses of modern art and science, of literature, liberty, and song; of all that improves and adorns society; and because she probably influenced the free political destiny of many existing nations; besides, her history for a long period includes that of Italy itself, and was intimately connected with the annals of transalpine nations, whose industry she awakened, whose taste she formed, and whose manners she contributed to refine. No modern community of equal size has been more celebrated than Florence; she moved alone, was peculiar in her character, and rose amid the ruins of more powerful neighbours; the sound of her name still impresses our mind with a mingled feeling of admiration and respect, for she also was the last to bend under the gusts of despotism when foreign potentates and native princes combined against her; when abandoned by her oldest ally, and left to fall unaided in her last and most glorious struggle for liberty."

This, it must be admitted, is the right spirit in which to enter upon such a work, and Captain NAPIER will not fail for want of capacity to rise to the height of his great argument. There is a spice of the enthusiast in him which the theme demands for who, treating

of Florence, or reading of her, does not feel his heart beat more quickly and the sentiment of poetry stealing over his soul? It is pleasant to find that the sober reality does not blight the hopes of the enkindled fancy, but that for once the imagination is outstripped by the fact.

This first volume embraces a period extending from A. D. 17 to 1336.

An introductory chapter introduces the following sensible remarks on

SMALL AND GREAT COMMONWEALTHS.

By a steady advance and multiplication of her commercial relations, the natural effect of her unfettered intercourse, wealth flowed into Florence from the distant capital of China; from the nearer provinces of Asia; the shores of Africa, and the ruder countries of Europe. Half the world paid tribute to her skill: her alliance was sought and the weight of her character felt by the leading powers of Christendom, and her citizenship, neither lightly given nor yet an unexpensive honour, was accepted with pride by some of the noblest families in Italy. The industry of her citizens created luxuries which their private frugality forbade them to consume, while the wealth thus acquired not only embellished their city, but enabled them cheerfully to sustain long and expensive wars for the maintenance of Italian equality and their own political independence. Their mental activity and subtle intellect penetrated everywhere, and they became so universally necessary, that in 1294 the ambassadors of twelve different states and kingdoms, from England to Constantinople, all Florentines, met at Rome to congratulate Boniface VIII. on his election, and occasioned his well-known saying—"that in worldly matters the Florentines seemed to be a fifth element." Their republic was in truth a goodly fabric, but ambition undermined it; for those fiery spirits that scarcely shake the mass of greater states often burst through the lighter pressure of small communities and destroy the social edifice. Large societies are commonly less open to personal influence; the population, though divided, acts in vast bodies; its voice, however loud, is seldom the voice of faction, and its leaders are borne on the opinion of millions. Pride, anger, enmity, ambition—all are there; but with only a partial influence, and permanently confined to the few; dispersed through a multitude their effects are comparatively trifling; for though great masses follow popular chiefs, it is not as vassals or clansmen; their leaders may a while deceive, but they ultimately work themselves free. Neither do such struggles materially affect the administration of private justice, nor are they likely to be made a cause of persecution by the winning faction; for this their antagonists are too strong, too numerous, and would never suffer themselves to be thinned out by banishment and confiscation. In petty communities the chiefs are chiefs of faction, and their success the success of a sect in which each individual follower relies for safety, and stakes his life and fortune on the cast. Modern states have the press and impeachment; Rome had the tribunitian power as an outlet for public dissatisfaction; Florence neither; no efficient means were there provided to punish a powerful offender, or obtain justice for a friendless man; a culprit in authority feared no accusation, no sentence, no judgment unsupported by physical force; and his means of defence were precisely of the same nature; faction was necessarily opposed to faction, the punishment of leaders brought misfortune on numbers, the city was thinned and public good impaired: in Rome the single transgressor suffered, and few exiles and fewer deaths disgraced that stormy commonwealth until its liberty fell in the struggles between Sylla and Caius Marius.

In Florence the party-leaders were not followed by numerous public bodies, for there was no republic without the walls; a few powerful families led the van, and the contest was confined to the citizens, themselves only a portion of the general urban population. A faction once in power soon became formidable; death, exile, confiscation, and imprisonment diminished the adverse ranks, and opposition was put down by the destruction of hostile property; what with us would be a mere change of administration, was there the cause of a sudden revolution that trampled indiscriminately on mercy, justice, and patriotism. No great course of policy really divided the fac-

tions; they struggled for no political principle, but unmitigated power; yet always under the standard of some popular grievance; a cause noble in itself, but unstable as their own sincerity, seized on for the hour, and crushed in the tumult of victory. In great communities, if leaders prove false, their followers, moved by a real or mistaken sense of injustice, and a community of interest, are generally true to the cause, and their desire is rarely destructive of liberty; though ignorant, they are naturally just; and have, moreover, a quick perception of truth when unfolded by an honest and friendly hand. The result is, that we have a species of public principle continually floating in the political atmosphere, a mere speck, perhaps, like a balloon, which all regard, but in which few are tempted to ascend; hence the public conduct of party in great communities, though as full of evil passions as in smaller states, is not so exclusively directed by them; nor does vengeance follow success where reason is not overwhelmed by general frenzy. The history of Florence is an example of one, that of Great Britain not a bad illustration of the other; while the administration of Ireland has hitherto combined the most noxious qualities of both.

As a specimen of his graphic powers, take the description of

FLORENCE.

Florence is placed in the centre of Tuscany, between the hills of Montughi, Monte Morello and Fiesole to the north; and those of San Miniato, San Giorgio, and Bellosguardo to the south. Seated in a spacious and fertile plain, it seems as if some white and rocky mass had been dashed violently down, and breaking through olive-groves and vineyards, had promiscuously scattered its fragments on the soil; so thick are the villas and hamlets that stud the country round. To the north-east is the treble-peaked Fiesole, with its frowning convent, and huge Etruscan walls; the valley of Mugnone, a place made classical by Boccaccio, divides it from Monte Morello, and the neighbouring heights, once wooded, now brown and bare, the resort of herds and herdsmen. To the north-west, under the skirts of Monte Morello, lurks the city of Prato, one of the earliest Florentine conquests; further westward, Pistoia, the "*City of Factions*," and supposed memorial of Catiline's defeat, is seen in dim perspective melting in the softened features of its own romantic hills. Behind all, the rugged peaks of Carrara, Pelligrino, and the Appaun Alps, break on the western sky; while to the south-west the eye ranges over a succession of villa-studded heights, rich in agrarian industry; and far to the east, in a lofty recess of the Apennines, sits the woody Vallambrosa, darkly contrasted with the general view.

Captain NAPIER is a brother of the author of "*The Peninsular War*," and his style possesses many of the characteristics that have placed his relative in the foremost rank of historians. He excels in pictures of battles, sieges, and such like stirring events, writing as if he had been personally in the hurly-burly, and bringing the scene, as it were, visibly before his reader. Here is a fine specimen:—

A RETREAT.

A retreat was determined on, when they suddenly heard that Rustico Mangonelli, one of their principal leaders, had expired. This gallant knight, after many valorous deeds, had fallen mortally wounded by an arrow from the tower of the Soldanieri; and his fellows were too high-spirited to leave the body as an object of insult from a haughty faction, who, according to the then barbarous custom, would have dragged it ignominiously through the streets and plunged it in the Arno. Thoughtless of every danger, eager for the honour of their dead chief, and animated by one spirit, they marched, tired as they were, to where the body lay, and carried it off to the temple of San Lorenzo, with a military pomp to which their dentured shields gave more effect than all the misplaced trappings of a funeral train. These iron obsequies moved on in grim array; the bier was borne by six knights beameared with blood and dust, each with a lance or cross-bow on the outward arm; no funeral torch was seen in flank or front, but in their stead the grey gleam of battered arms, with a flash from the spear or the partisan. It was more the triumph of a conqueror than a funeral, the torn and trailing banners and the bloody corpse alone proclaiming its mournful character.

Not a countenance betrayed any emotion of fear or softness; grief was dimly seen, but ire and vengeance were predominant. None pitied the fallen knight; each envied his renown and honourable death, but felt himself disgraced in still existing for future shame and long enduring sorrow. Such thoughts, first muttered, then audibly expressed, suddenly roused up the Guelphic youth, who would have again begun the battle and fallen, and lie festering in their fathers' sepulchres, rather than wander as fugitives with their wives and children to exist on a stranger's bounty. Age and prudence prevailed: Rustico Mangonelli was interred in gloomy silence, and the defeated remnant of these Guelphic bands slowly and sullenly retired.

Another, no less graphic, of

A FACTION FIGHT.

At the annual election of consuls on the twenty-fifth of March, which commenced the Florentine year, the potent family of Uberti, which had been hitherto accustomed to govern these nominations, found itself for the first time in a minority, from the unlooked for opposition of other powerful citizens who would no longer submit to such dictation. Angry at defeat, and resolved to recover their influence, the legality of this election was impugned by the Uberti, while their antagonists on the contrary maintained it to have been in strict conformity with ancient custom, and would therefore be supported. Passions ran high; resolution and anger soon led on to blows; each faction armed, all Florence joined in the conflict, and the battle raged long and fiercely for many days. The Uberti at length yielded, and retreating to their towers, prepared for new struggles; their rivals were no less determined; they declared it shameful for a free people to be thus ruled by the obstinate ambition of a few private individuals, to the detriment of a whole community; the former still maintained it to be contrary to the spirit of their constitution that, under the specious names of liberty and the people, an oligarchy should wantonly domineer over the Florentine Republic; neither party would give way, and both prepared for a storm, which, like the first eruption of Vesuvius, burst in terror and desolation over a peaceful country. It was not the simple movement of one great body against another: not the force of a government in opposition to the people; not the struggle of privilege and democracy, of poverty and riches, or starvation and repletion; but one universal burst of unmitigated anarchy. In the streets, lanes, and squares, in the courts of palaces and humbler dwellings, were heard the clang of arms, the screams of victims, and the gush of blood; the bow of the bridegroom launched its arrows into the very chamber of his young bride's parents and relations, and the bleeding son, the murdered brother, or the dying husband were the evening visitors of Florentine maids and matrons, and aged citizens. Every art was practised to seduce and deceive, and none felt secure even of their nearest and dearest relatives. In the morning a son left his paternal roof with undiminished love, and returned at evening a corpse or the most bitter enemy! Terror and death were triumphant; there was no relaxation, no peace by day or night; the crash of the stone, the twang of the bow, the whizzing shaft, the jar of the trembling mangonel from tower to turret, were the dismal music of Florence, not only for hours and days, but months and years. Doors, windows, the jutting galleries and roofs were all defended, and yet all unsafe; no spot was sacred, no tenement secure; in the dead of night, the most secret chambers, the very hangings, even the nuptial bed itself, were often known to conceal an enemy. Florence in those days was studded with lofty towers; most of the noble families possessed one or more, at least two hundred feet in height, and many of them far above that altitude. These were their pride, their family citadels; and jealously guarded; glittering with arms, and men, and instruments of war. Every connecting balcony was alive with soldiers; the battle raged above and below, within and without; stones rained in showers, arrows flew thick and fast on every side; the *seragli* or barricades were attacked and defended by chosen bands, armed with lances and boar-spears; foes were in ambush at every corner, watching the bold or heedless enemy; confusion was everywhere triumphant, a demon seemed to possess the community, and the public mind, reeling with hatred, was steady only in the pursuit of blood. Yet so accustomed did they at

last become to this fiendish life, that one day they fought, the next caroused together in drunken gambols, foe with foe, boasting of their mutual prowess; nor was it until after nearly five years of reciprocal destruction, that from mere lassitude they finally ceased thus to mangle each other, and as it were for relaxation, turned their fury on the neighbouring states.

On a different theme may be selected a powerful pen-and-ink sketch of

THE GREAT STORM AND INUNDATION OF 1333.

On the first day of November 1333 the heavens seemed suddenly to open and pour down an incessant stream of water for ninety-six hours successively, not only without diminution but in augmented volume: continued sheets of fire with sharp and vivid flashes struck from the clouds, while peals of thunder bellowed through the gloom, darting bolt after bolt into the earth, and impressing on mankind the awful feeling of universal ruin. The natural and superstitious fears of the people were painfully excited, and all the church and convent bells were tolled to conjure the spirit of the storm: men and women were seen clambering on slender planks from roof to roof amidst falling tiles, crying aloud for mercy with such an unusual din as almost to drown the deeper tones of distant thunder and realize the idea of chaos, or the infernal regions of their own great poet. The first burst of the Arno, even near its source, broke over rocks and woods and banks and fields, and deluged the green plains of Casentino; then sweeping in broad and spreading sheets over those of Arezzo flooded all the upper Val-d'Arno, and with mighty force bore off mills and barns and granaries in its course, with every human habitation and all that it contained animate and inanimate like weightless things. Trees were uprooted, cattle destroyed, men, women and children suffocated, the soil washed clean away, and the dark torrent thus unnaturally loaded came roaring down on Florence. The tributary Sieve, after swamping its native vales, rushed madly down, with the soil of half a province on its wave, and swelled the bounding Arno: the Africa, the Mensola, every common ditch, now changed to torrents, gave force and danger to the flood which rolled its angry surges towards the capital. On the fourth of November 1333 the whole plain of San Salvi was covered to the depth of twelve, sixteen, and even twenty feet; the waters mounted high against wall and tower, and swept round Florence like the tide on a stranded ship. For awhile the ramparts withstood this pressure; but presently the antiport of Santa Croce gave way; then the main gate, then the Porta Rensaia; and then, night set in: but with it was heard the crash of falling towers and the onward rush of the water which still unchecked swept wavy broad and cold over the ill-fated town. Two hundred and fifty feet of the walls had been crushed by the enormous pressure; the red columns of San Giovanni were half buried in the flood; it deluged the cathedral, encompassed the altar of Santa Croce, measured twelve feet in the court of the Bargello, sapped the shrines of the Badia, covered almost all the rest of the city four feet deep, and even beat on the first step of the public palace, the loftiest ground in Florence. The town beyond Arno was scarcely less submerged; nearly a thousand feet of the ramparts fell, and the weir, then above Ponte Carraia, was entirely destroyed; this brought instant ruin on the bridge itself which all except two arches was buried in the wave; that of La Trinità as quickly followed; then the Ponte Vecchio, its shops and houses, gold and jewellery, went down in masses: Rubaconte stood in part, but the indignant waters overleaping a lateral arch, shattered the solid quay and dashed against the palace-castle of Altafronte, and this with such fury as to bring down that solid mansion and most of the houses as far as Ponte Vecchio in one continuous ruin. The statue of Mars, the rude witness of Buondelmonte's death, tumbled headlong from its base into the tide below, and disappeared for ever; this increased the public terror, for an ancient prophecy had foretold that whenever that crumbling image should move or fall, Florence would be in danger. The whole line of houses between the bridges, with many more on every side, next fell like the walls of Jericho before the sacred trumpets; nothing but lightning and devastation met the eye; nothing but hideous shrieks, the crash of houses, the roar of waters and dismal peals of thunder struck the ear; in what this awful scene would have ended seemed evident, had not a startling crash with the fall of near nine hundred feet of the eastern ramparts



opened a wider vent for the waters and saved Florence from destruction. (To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, selected from the Originals in Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Vol. III. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

THE correspondence of JOHN, the fourth Duke of BEDFORD, is brought to a conclusion in this volume, which opens with the 1st of January, 1761, about the commencement of the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD, and ends in November 1770, with documents found among the cobwebs of Woburn. The epistles relate to almost all the important events of the period over which they extend, narrating minutely the drama enacted behind the scenes of politics, and jealously guarded from the public eye. Here is to be found the story of the rise and growth of the power of BUTE; his early struggles with the imperious PITT; his gradual progress until he had obtained the mastery, and removed the great man from his place. Then there is a full and particular account of the quarrel with Spain, and the treaty of 1762, which the Duke of BEDFORD personally conducted. Besides these historical events, there are revelations of court intrigues that reflect no honour upon any party, and present the King himself in positions sometimes very odious, often very contemptible, lending himself to cabals, and tricks, and contrivances, which a mind of more capacity would have scorned. The intrigues conducted in the heart of the cabinet, for the setting up and knocking down of ministries, are, indeed, calculated to produce the conviction that the generation of our fathers was far below our own in its standard of political ethics. Such proceedings as are here revealed would not in these days of public discussion be permitted to disgrace the cabinet for a week.

As the reader is aware, the nobleman whose correspondence is here collected is chiefly remembered as one of the great targets against whom Junius delighted to shoot his poisoned arrows. And the impression produced by the perusal of these epistles is very much to confirm the correctness of the satirist's portraiture. His associates were certainly men of dubious character, if not quite, as Junius terms them, "jockies, gamsters, gladiators, or buffoons." If a plain man in his manners, it is evident that he loved low society. His most frequent correspondents are SANDWICH and RIGBY, and doubtless the charge of Junius is not exaggerated that he "supplied their vices or relieved their beggary at the expense of his country." Nor was he less obnoxious to the complaint of jobbing and place-hunting. In short, his public character does not bear investigation, and its escape into a semi-oblivion upon the page of history is a circumstance rather for rejoicing than for regret among those who hold the memory of a relative in reverence.

The introduction contributed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL is the most notable part of the work, and as proceeding from no less a personage than the Prime Minister of England, it will be read with eager interest. But its intrinsic merits would have entitled it to respectful notice and candid criticism. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is remarkably fair and temperate, and he writes more in the manner of a judge and less in that of an advocate than any editor or biographer of this century. He does not exaggerate the virtues nor conceal the faults of his ancestor, but weighs them against each other with evident anxiety to ascertain the very truth. From this we take some passages in proof. Here is a succinct view of the state of parties at the period to which the correspondence relates:—

The period which elapsed between the fall of Sir Robert Walpole and the reign of George the Third, was the age of small factions. The great Whig party, having had from the accession of the house of Hanover complete possession of power, broke into many little sections, divided from each other by personal predilections, and not by distinct lines of policy. Thus their quarrels and their friendships were precarious and capricious; there was no reason why any one statesman should not join with any other statesman to whom he had been the week before most opposed; nor, to say the truth, was there any great question in dispute, like the Revolution settlement, or the American war, or the French war, upon which parties widely separated in opinion could take their stand. The cohesion of politicians, thus loose and slight, became the sport of secret intrigue, of interested cabal, of sudden resentments, and discordant tempers. Had the character of Mr. Pitt been more conciliatory, his great qualities might have rallied around him a national party. We have noticed, in a former volume, the defects which prevented a union equally desirable for his own fame and the public welfare. We shall see in the present volume fresh instances of his unbending ambition and sullen discontent; the bright flashes of genius, and the darkening cloud of infirmity. Neither did there exist any large atmosphere of public opinion, in which politicians moved. In the confined space from which the air was excluded, the guinea and the feather were of equal weight. In this state of parties, George the Third ascended the throne. * * * * * The press sent forth its contribution in abuse of the peace and the peace-makers; and many of the tracts published on the occasion are preserved in the British Museum. The absence of argument in them is very remarkable. On the other hand, no French writer of any reputation, except Voltaire, who was a personal friend of the Choiseuls, has mentioned the peace otherwise than as most injurious to the interests of France and disgraceful to the administration. The Duc de Praslin, in a private letter to the Duc de Nivernois, admits it to be "a bad peace," and only to be defended by the necessities of the country.

The intrigues that led to the overthrow of the GRENVILLE administration are traced by Lord JOHN RUSSELL with singular impartiality, and the story is thus told:—

Mr. Grenville shewed on this occasion a want of his usual courage. If the cabinet had agreed to exclude the princess dowager, he should have made it a vital question in the House of Commons, and abided by the result. According to analogy, the queen consort ought to have been the only person named in the bill, and later regency acts have established this rule. The king could hardly have objected to a distinction for his wife, while he was justly offended at the marked exclusion of his mother. The insertion of the name of the princess by the opposition could not heal the wound thus inflicted. There were other sources of weakness. Mr. Grenville had likewise made himself obnoxious by the paltry economy of refusing a grant of 20,000*l.* for some ground at Pimlico, overlooking Buckingham House, where the king and queen resided; and the Duke of Bedford's dislike of Lord Bute made him jealous to excess of that nobleman's influence. Such were the causes which shook to its foundation a ministry which had unopposed, and almost unperceived, carried resolutions for imposing stamp-duties on America. The impolicy of a measure which made the first breach between Great Britain and her North American provinces, sowed the seeds of civil war, and dismembered the empire, failed to attract attention, and in no way weakened the administration; but their want of regard to the princess dowager, and of liberality to the king in a matter affecting his private comfort, destroyed their power. Such were the fruits of the Bute system. The decision of the king was now formed. He requested the Duke of Cumberland to enter into communication with Mr. Pitt, and endeavour to obtain his assistance. But this negotiation failed; Mr. Pitt declaring, "he had no objection to go to St. James's if he could carry the constitution with him," but declining to act with the Earl of Northumberland, who, as a friend of Lord Bute, had been mentioned as First Lord of the Treasury. The Grenville ministers, consisting of Mr. Grenville, the Lord Chancellor Northampton, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Halifax, had a meeting in Down-

ing-street to consider whether they should continue in office. They agreed to do so on condition that Lord Bute should not be consulted directly or indirectly; that his brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, should be deprived of the conduct of the affairs of Scotland, and of the office of keeper of the privy seal of that kingdom; and that Lord Granby should be placed at the head of the army. These conditions were carried by Mr. Grenville to the King. His majesty said there was no question of Lord Bute; that as his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, had been named as head of the army, it would not do to place another person there; and that he had promised Mr. Mackenzie the privy seal of Scotland for life. Mr. Grenville replied, "In that case, Sir, we must decline coming in." "No," said the king; "I won't on that account put the whole kingdom in confusion, and leave it without any government at all; but I'll tell you how that matter stands; that he has my royal word to continue in the office; and if you force me, from the situation of things, to violate my royal word, remember you are responsible for it, and not I." Upon that, Mr. Grenville said, "Sir, we must make some arrangement for Mr. Mackenzie." The king replied, "If I know any thing of him, he will give himself very little trouble about your arrangement for him." The ministry then consented to remain, giving up the point of Lord Granby, and obtaining the dismissal of Mr. Stuart Mackenzie. They would have done better to have insisted on the appointment of Lord Granby, and to have left Mr. Mackenzie in his office, without the power of directing the affairs of Scotland; for although the king had properly no right to pledge himself, without advice, to give an office for life, yet the violation of a royal promise was a harsh condition, and unnecessary to the honour of the ministry. The arrangement thus made amounted only to a truce, until the king could persuade some one else to take the government. The Duke of Bedford, angry at the manifest want of support from the court, asked for an audience of the king, before he left London for the summer. The interview took place on the 12th of June. The duke reminded his majesty of the terms on which the ministry had consented to resume their offices, and asked whether the promise made to them had been kept—whether the reverse were not the fact? whether Lord Bute had not been favoured, and the friends of the ministry discountenanced? Finally, he besought the king "to permit his authority and his favour to go together; and if the last could not be given to his present ministers, to transfer to others that authority which must be useless in their hands, unless so strengthened." The king said little, except that he had not seen Lord Bute. Such was the celebrated interview of which the libeller who wrote under the name of Junius has given so extravagant an account. After a version, in his own manner, of the Duke of Bedford's language, he says the duke left the king in convulsions. Horace Walpole, scarcely less of a caricaturist, says: "Invectives against the princess were not spared; nor threats of bringing Lord Bute to the block." Mr. Burke, speaking from report, calls the behaviour of the Duke of Bedford "brutal." It may excite some surprise in the reader to learn, that the only authentic account of this interview is that contained in a letter of the duke to his son-in-law, of which the substance has just been given, and in a memorandum written at the time to the same effect. It should be mentioned, also, that in the course of the very next session of Parliament the king made overtures to the Duke of Bedford with a view to his restoration to office; that a few years afterwards he was received with the greatest favour at court, and continued on the same terms to the end of his life. After this assertion of facts, I do not hesitate to avow that the conduct of the Duke of Bedford appears to me to have been frank, manly, and constitutional. There appears no reason to doubt, that from the commencement of the reign there was a party called the "King's friends," who attempted to exercise all real power, while the show of it only was left to the responsible ministers; that on them all favour was bestowed, and by them the measures of the court were directed: that while such was their influence, they kept in the back-ground, occupying permanently lucrative subordinate places, and leaving the labour and the risk of political affairs in the ostensible rulers of the country: that at a signal from the court, any minister was at once removed; and a subservient House of Commons were directed to transfer their votes to some other puppet, destined

to hold a rank equally powerless, by a tenure equally precarious. If there be truth in these delineations, it was surely the duty of an old counsellor of the crown to warn the sovereign of his danger; to implore him "to permit his authority and his favour to go together;" and either to invest his ministers with the influence belonging to his royal station, or to produce in open daylight the secret depositaries of his confidence. By such conduct the Duke of Bedford shewed that he well knew "the eternal difference between a true and sworn friend of the monarchy and a slippery sycophant of the court." The king, having resolved to keep his favour for his private friends and the Bute party, told the chancellor that he considered the Duke of Bedford's remonstrance as a resignation; nor could it be considered unhandsome to his ministers, after the alternative had been put to him, that he should take his choice of the course he preferred. He was resolved not to govern as George the First and George the Second had governed, by means of open parliamentary ministers.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL thus comments on the conduct of the king, and its consequences:—

It must not be concealed that, with regard to Wilkes, more with regard to the American war, and still more with regard to the Irish Roman Catholics, the prejudices of the sovereign were shared by a large portion of his subjects. This it was, indeed, which rendered them so injurious in their effects. We may now estimate with some accuracy the effect of the Bute plan of superseding party by prerogative. The will of a prince of the most ordinary understanding, of the most confined education, and of the most unhappy opinions, was made to prevail over the enlightened views of Lord Chatham, Lord Rockingham, Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt. One of the great distinctions of a free country, that of being governed by its ablest men, was at several periods of this reign entirely lost. The utmost confusion prevailed for the first ten years of this inauspicious system. Nothing, indeed, but the magnitude of the danger which the country incurred at the end of the American, and the commencement of the French wars, prevented George the Third from ruling the country by the Jenkinson and the Addingtons, and excluding the greatest of his subjects altogether from the councils of the state. Party has, no doubt, its evils; but all the evils of party put together would be scarcely a grain in the balance, when compared to the dissolution of honourable friendships, the pursuit of selfish ends, the want of concert in council, the absence of a settled policy in foreign affairs, the corruption of separate statesmen, the caprices of an intriguing court, which the extinction of party connection has brought and would again bring upon this country.

And this is his illustrious descendant's

CHARACTER OF JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

These extracts give some idea of the pursuits, occupations, and amusements of John, Duke of Bedford. Warm and eager in his disposition, of a social and cheerful temper, he devoted himself with ardour to political affairs, enjoyed with keen delight the playhouse or the opera, and then turned with equal animation to see his oats carried, or join in a game of cricket. He was in many respects a great contrast to the Earl of Chesterfield. That accomplished and witty person was often right in his political views, and always pointed in the expression of his opinions. The Duke of Bedford was sometimes very right, and sometimes exceedingly wrong; but his study of the subject was always better than the language of his speeches. Lord Chesterfield endeavoured to imitate the profligacy, the levity, the neglect of moral duties of the French nobility. The Duke of Bedford liked a jolly companion, and an athletic game, but was deeply attached to the religion of his country and the society of his own family. Lord Chesterfield endeavoured, though in vain, to teach his son the arts of intrigue, and a tone of clever insincerity upon all subjects. The Duke of Bedford attained his utmost wishes when he saw his son married to a virtuous woman, and in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. The want of practical religion and morals which Lord Chesterfield held up to imitation conducted the French nobility to the guillotine and emigration; the honesty, the attachment to his religion, the country habits, the love of home, the activity in rural business and rural sports, in which the Duke of Bedford and others of his class delighted, pre-

served the English aristocracy from a flood which swept over half of Europe, laying prostrate the highest of her palaces, and scattering the ashes of the most sacred of her monuments. The Duke of Bedford was spared the trials of a protracted and helpless old age. It was only during the last six months of his life that his infirmities so far increased as to make all bodily exertion painful to him; and after a fruitless trial of the Bath waters, in the autumn of 1770, he returned to Woburn early in December, with very faint hopes of amendment. Still, although his body was, to use his own words, "in a very decrepit state," neither the strength of his character nor the warmth of his feelings seems to have been materially impaired. No sooner had he heard of the inundations in the Fens, than he took the lead in the benevolent exertions made for the relief of the sufferers. He likewise continued to shew the same lively interest in the fortunes of his friends, especially to those who most needed his assistance; and so late as the 25th, addressed an earnest appeal to Lord North on behalf of a gentleman who had long faithfully served him as a secretary. Nor was his attachment to rural pursuits less lasting. He continued his usual entries of agricultural and other business done or to be done on his property up to the 4th of January, that being only eleven days previous to his decease, which took place on the 15th of the same month, in the 61st year of his age.

A few extracts from the correspondence will perhaps be acceptable to our readers. BECKFORD's celebrated reply to the king has been placed among historic doubts. But the story is set beyond further question by the following letter from RIGBY:—

"Pay Office, 23rd May, 1770.
"I am just come from court; where the insolence of Beckford has exceeded all his or the City's past exploits. The remonstrance was read by the town-clerk; to which the king read a very proper answer; and then, very much, I believe, to his majesty's surprise, as well as of everybody else, my Lord Mayor made a speech, vindicating the citizens from any impertinent intentions toward the king, and violently arraigning those ministers who should endeavour to prejudice his royal mind against the City. This is the first attempt ever made to hold a colloquy with the king by any subject, and is indecent to the highest degree."

Among the correspondence is a letter from HUME, addressed to Mr. NEVILLE, the duke's private secretary.

"DAVID HUME TO MR. NEVILLE.

"Manifold have been the persecutions, dear Sir, which the unhappy Jews, in several ages, have suffered from the misguided zeal of the Christians; but there has at last arisen a Jew capable of avenging his injured nation, and striking terror into their proud oppressors: this formidable Jew is Monsieur de Pinto; and the unhappy Christian, who is chiefly exposed to all the effects of his cruelty, is your humble servant. He says, that you promised to mention him to me; I do not remember that you did: he says, that he has done the most signal services to England, while the Duke of Bedford was ambassador here; I do not question it, but they are unknown to me: he says that he is poor, and must have a pension for his reward; I wish he may obtain it, but I cannot assist him: he sends me letters, which I transmit to you, but I cannot oblige you to answer them: he says, that Lord Hertford must get justice done him, if the Duke of Bedford neglects him; I do not believe that the Duke of Bedford neglects anybody that has done him service: he grows angry; I exhort him to patience. This, dear Sir, is a very abridged account of the dialogue which passes every day between M. Pinto and me; that is, every day when he can break in upon me and lay hold of me: when he catches Lord Hertford, he is very copious on the same subject; but when he seizes poor Lord Beauchamp, his lordship has good reason to curse the day he was born mild and gentle, and made incapable of doing or saying a harsh thing. But, to be serious with regard to the man: I imagine, from what he tells me, and from a letter of yours which he shewed me, that he had endeavoured to be useful to the Duke of Bedford and you during the negotiations of the peace: perhaps he was useful in some particulars, but to what extent you best know; and I am certain that you neither for-

get nor neglect him, though you have not answered his multiplied letters. I should not think that it at all lay upon me to solicit you in his behalf, or even to write to you about him, had I not been forced by his constant teasing, which I could no otherwise get rid of. If the Duke of Bedford thinks him entitled to no reward, you would do this family a great service by telling him so at once; if the duke intends to do him service, he would be very happy to have the encouragement of some hint in his favour. I only beg of you to excuse my meddling at all in this affair; which I am sensible does not belong to me, and which I should have avoided had it not been in this manner extorted from me. I am, &c.

"DAVID HUME."

In one of the letters we find the following amusing description of

VAUXHALL IN 1788.

17th August.—Went to the king's levee; where I took leave and kissed his hand, on my going to Ireland. Finding that the King of Denmark was returned to his lodgings, I stepped over and saw him. I went from Miss Wrottesley's between nine and ten, with a party in the Admiralty barge, to Vauxhall. We supped there, and had a very pleasant evening; and, just at twelve o'clock, the King of Denmark, with a large party of ladies, viz. Lady Harrington and her two daughters, Madame Poussin, and my niece, Lady Capel, and a great many gentlemen, came into the gardens from Ranelagh, by water. The band of music was re-summoned into the orchestra, and a fine march of Handel's was played at his entrance, and the music was continued for some time, and the famous hautboy Fischer played remarkably well. The king then went to supper in the pavilion with his company, and Lord Weymouth and I went up to pay our court to him. At half an hour before two, Miss Betty W. and myself returned to Bedford-house.

We conclude with a letter from GAINSBOROUGH, the painter, relating to one of equal genius in another art:—

"Bath, May 29, 1768.

"My Lord Duke.—A most worthy, honest man, and one of the greatest geniuses for musical compositions England ever produced, is now in London, and has got two or three members of Parliament along with him out of Devonshire, to make application for one of the receivers of the land-tax of that county, now resigned by a very old man, one Mr. Haddy. His name is William Jackson; lives at Exeter; and for his plainness, truth, and ingenuity, at the same time, is beloved as no man ever was. Your grace has doubtless heard his compositions; but he is no fiddler, your grace may take my word for it; he is extremely clever and good, is a married man with a young family, and is qualified over and over for the place; has got friends of fortune who will be bound for him in any sum; and they are all making application to his grace the Duke of Grafton to get him this place. But, my Lord Duke, I told them they could not do it without me; that I must write to your grace about it. He is at Mr. Arnold's, in Norfolk-street, in the Strand; and if your grace would be pleased to think of it, I should be ever bound to pray for your grace. Your grace knows that I am an *original*, and therefore, I hope, will be the more ready to pardon this monstrous freedom from your grace's, &c.

"THO. GAINSBOROUGH."

Tales of Female Heroism. London, 1846. Burns. A sort of female Plutarch. This elegant volume contains nineteen biographical sketches of women who have distinguished themselves by acts of heroism. The tales, as they are called, are beautifully written, abounding in wholesome sentiment, and the moral is pointed with good judgment, being implied rather than obtruded. The memoir of Lady FANSHAWE is especially interesting, and all have, for the youthful reader, more than the attractions of romance. It is, indeed, the romance of reality.

SCIENCE.

Liebig's Question to Mulder tested by Morality and Science. By Dr. G. T. MULDER, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Utrecht. Translated by Dr. P. F. H. TROMBERG. Blackwood and Co. 1846. THE origin of this pamphlet appears to have been as follows:—

Some years ago MULDER examined the fibrine of blood, the white of the egg, and the gluten of wheat. Dissolved in caustic potash and a little vinegar applied, these substances yielded a white precipitate. To this he gave the name of *protein*. From further experiments he arrived at the conclusion that the protein formed the basis of a large quantity of animal substances—the albuminous groups;—and that, combined with oxygen, sulphur, or phosphorus, or with all three in different proportions, it formed the sap and leaves of plants, and especially their seeds, and that these substances were formed by the plant out of the food drawn from the air and the soil; that it produced them for the purpose of diminishing the digestive labour, so to speak, of the animal, and of supplying it with food fitted directly for nourishment, so that the raw material of the animal was, in fact, furnished by the vegetable food on which it lived.

In January last, LIEBIG announced that he had been unable to obtain any such substance as that to which MULDER had given the name of protein, and otherwise much questioning the fact and the conclusions derived from it.

This volume is MULDER's answer. It is very learned, and very interesting to the professors of science, but for the general reader it has not sufficient attractions to justify an extract here.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Five Years' Experience in Australia Felix, comprising a Short Account of its Early Settlement and its Recent Position, with many Particulars interesting to intending Emigrants. By G. H. HAYDON. 1846.

So numerous have been the works lately published on the subject of Australia, that the readers of the literary journals will, we fear, begin to be wearied of the name, and inclined to skip the notice of any book in which the word appears upon the title-page. On this account, rather than from any want of merit in Mr. HAYDON's publication, we, who study to make every line of THE CRITIC readable, by the exclusion of dullness and heaviness however freighted with learning, must observe more brevity in this account of Australia Felix than, at a season less fruitful of narratives treating of the same regions, we should have been inclined to exercise.

For Mr. HAYDON is really a very keen observer, a very intelligent man, and a very agreeable narrator. He says his say in a plain, straightforward manner, without affecting the fine, the poetical, the eloquent, or the humorous. He writes like a man of business, who feels that he has something to impart worthy of the telling, and he proceeds at once to the matter, without circumlocution, as if conscious that time was a consideration both to himself and his audience. To all who contemplate emigration the information here gathered will be extremely useful, and by the geographer and ethnographer, as well as to the naturalist, it will be accepted as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a tract of country of which, hitherto, little has been recorded by observant travellers, and still less by intelligent inhabitants. A five years' residence afforded to Mr. HAYDON opportunities which he has not neglected, and, proceeding from so good an authority, the facts collected may safely be added to the library as a fresh contribution to the

vast store already accumulated relative to our colonial possessions.

The character of such a work can, however, be best exhibited by extracts; and for that purpose we select a few passages that appear to have the most novelty, and therefore are likely to be most pleasing to the reader:—

INSECT LIFE IN AUSTRALIA FELIX.

The locusts (*cicades*) enliven the woods in the summer with their perpetual chirping; they measure about two inches in length, and are winged; they deposit a kind of honey on the trees they inhabit, which hardens into small white cakes, and is known to the colonists as manna. They have never been found to be destructive to the crops or gardens of the settlers, although in many seasons they appear in immense numbers; this is not the case with the swarms of grasshoppers which cover the bush in the hot season, and occasionally leave a garden quite bare by their ravages. They do not arrive at a great size, but are the most destructive of any insect known in the colony. The mole cricket is found all over the bush, and warns the traveller by its note when to expect rain. Several beautiful descriptions of mantis are found; one kind being as much as five inches in length and of the most splendid form, when on the ground appearing like a large leaf; belonging to this class is also the animated straw, a strange creature, having all the appearance of a piece of straw placed upon legs. Beetles with green and golden wings are in great variety, and present an extensive scope for research to the entomologist. Spiders of every form and size are here met with, from the diminutive money-spider to the disgustingly large tarantula, a frequent and unwelcome visitor to most of the huts in the bush; the bite of the tarantula is poisonous, but not mortal. Centipedes are often disturbed from their retreats in rotten wood by the heat when placed in the settler's chimney-corner; and so also are scorpions of a small size; I never noticed one of these creatures more than two inches in length, and never heard of their inflicting serious injury. Ants of a great size and with formidable means of defence, are both numerous and annoying, giving by their sting a disagreeable notice when the traveller is intruding on their domains. In the month of March a peculiar kind of fly becomes exceedingly numerous and troublesome; its appearance is not unlike the English gad-fly; in its ravenous predilection, however, for blood, it is far more to be dreaded, neither man nor beast is safe from its attacks. Its sting is not productive of more than a momentary sensation of pain, but from its repeated attacks it is looked upon as an annual pest. This fly settles on any exposed portion of the body, and protruding from its mouth a sharp-pointed tubular weapon after the manner of the mosquito, it sucks the vital fluid with the rapacity of a vampire. "Anomalous as it may appear, it is an indubitable fact that this insect is possessed of an internal bag, wherein it secretes a fluid which in flavour and appearance is pure honey." From the favourable climate there is little doubt but that the silk-worm would thrive in this country, and the mulberry is already grown to some extent. Does not this induce some hope that Australia Felix may eventually become a silk-growing and exporting colony, and that advantages would accrue to the mother country?

Mr. HAYDON considers that the climate of Australia Felix is upon the whole better than that of Sydney. The heat is not so overpowering, nor are the droughts so fearful. But it is not exempt from that terrible visitation,

THE BUSH FIRES.

These bush fires in the hot season are very numerous, large tracts of country are rendered for the time bare and desolate, the whole land is as it were in mourning; but the first rain soon dispels its ravages, and in a few days its ashes nourish the growth of another crop of grass and herbage to be in the end attended by a similar result. The trees of the plains all suffer more or less from these visitations, but in the mountains and ranges, where the fire seldom penetrates, the trees grow to a most amazing size. I have seen stringy bark trees and white gum frequently from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height. Notwithstanding the number and fierceness of these fires, I never heard during my residence in the country, of a single well-authenticated instance of any

human being having suffered from them in life or limb. Far different is it with the crops and huts of the settlers, if proper precaution is not taken by ploughing up a few feet of land all around the huts and paddocks. This effectually prevents the ravages of the fire, but is often deferred until too late. Unless some means are adopted before the fire makes its appearance, the probability is, that "at one fell swoop" the unfortunate settler will find himself without a home and with only a few charred posts to remind him where once stood his perhaps flourishing station. His crops burned, his cattle spread over the country, it is likely he will discover the truth of the old adage, "misfortunes seldom come singly." Many have returned in disgust from their "adopted country" from events of this description taking place on their first entry on colonial life. The flooding of a river, a very common occurrence during the winter months, if the country around has not been properly examined, is often found as destructive to the hopes and crops of the settler as a bush fire when it reaches a station, when no preparations have been made to restrain its fury.

This is the aspect of

THE VEGETATION OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

The swamps and low country and the banks of rivers are overgrown with tea-tree (*leptospermum*), of which there are several varieties. It is allied to the myrtle family (*melaleuca*). The trunks of the larger trees and the wood of the smaller descriptions, being generally straight and of a convenient size, are used for building purposes in the bush, and a decoction of the leaves is a fair substitute for tea, yielding a beverage of a very aromatic flavour. I have never met with these trees larger than fourteen inches in diameter; but when the scrub of tea-tree is intermixed with the dwarf vine it presents an almost impenetrable barrier to the traveller. The honeysuckle (*Banksia integrifolia*) will greatly disappoint those who, from its name, expect to see any thing similar to the sweet-scented climbers of English hedges and gardens—this being a tree attaining to thirty or forty feet in height, with spiral yellow flowers. The blossoms at the proper season yield a great quantity of honey, which on a dewy morning may be observed dropping from the flowers; the natives have a method of extracting the honey by plucking the blossoms and soaking them in a vessel of water, it forms a good substitute for sugar. The wood is of little use. The specimens of this tree growing in some part of Gipp's Land are of a larger size than any to be seen in other parts of Australia Felix, and the flowers are nearly double the usual size.

Among the animals which may be considered as yet to be hovering between the fabulous and the real, is one of which Mr. HAYDN received strange accounts from the natives, who firmly believe in its existence. It is thus described:—

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

A creature described by the natives as something very similar to an orang-outang, is supposed by many colonists to exist in the mountain ranges at the back of Westernport, but their ideas of it are mixed up with such a superstitious dread as to induce many to consider it only in the light of an imaginary being, created by their own fears, or by interested parties amongst themselves; but the fact of some strange and peculiar tracks having been noticed in the ranges, recorded in the Port Philip papers at the time they were discovered, and many other circumstances seem to indicate that there is some animal resident there which has not yet been seen by a white man; and from the position of this tract of country being quite out of any road pursued by European travellers, it is very possible such a thing may exist. An account of this animal was given me by Worrouge-tolon, a native of the Woeworong tribe, in nearly the following words:—"He is as big as a man and shaped like him in every respect, and is covered with stiff bristly hair, excepting about the face, which is like an old man's, full of wrinkles—he has long toes and fingers, and piles up stones to protect him from the wind or rain, and usually walks about with a stick, and climbs trees with great facility; the whole of his body is hard and sinewy, like wood to the touch." Worrouge also told me, "that many years since, some of these creatures attacked a camp of

natives in the mountains and carried away some women and children, since which period they have had a great dread of moving about there after sunset. The only person of his tribe now alive who had killed one, he informed me, was Car-bora, the great doctor, who had succeeded in striking one in the eye with his tomahawk; on no other part of its body was he able to make the least impression." All this might be very probable when it is considered that in the time before the white people came, their golboransrook or stone tomahawk, was not by any means a sharp weapon. The body of the South American sloth is to the touch as hard as wood, and I question much if a tomahawk such as I have described would make any impression on its thick skin. On one occasion, when pheasant shooting, about three days' journey in the mountains, in company with two natives and a white man, we constructed a bark hut, and had retired to repose, when shortly afterwards I was startled by a most peculiar cry, very different from any of the other noises which are heard from the wild animals inhabiting these ranges; I should have previously mentioned that the blacks, after the fatigues of the day, had very soon fallen asleep, but on the noise rousing them, they both started up, and seized their guns with the utmost horror depicted on their countenances. Not a word escaped them, and the mysterious sound still echoed amongst the hills. On my asking one in rather a loud voice what he was frightened at, he desired me not to speak loud, that the shouts which had aroused them proceeded from a bundyl-carno, or devil, which is the name they have given this thing. The noise shortly died away in the distance, and I once more endeavoured to sleep; neither of my natives would lie down for the night, and as soon as day dawned, they insisted on leaving the scene of this strange occurrence, and on going to some distant part.

Very graphic is this picture of—

THE FAUNA OF THE BUSH.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of a hard bed, I enjoyed a good night's rest, and was awakened at sunrise by the singing of numerous pheasants (*menura superba*). These birds are the mocking-birds of Australia, imitating all the sounds that are heard in the bush in great perfection. They are about the size of a barn-door fowl, and are not remarkable for any beauty either in shape or colour, being of a dirty brown, approaching to black in some parts; their greatest attraction consists in the graceful tail of the cock bird, which assumes something the appearance of a lyre, for which reason some naturalists have called them lyre birds. But little is known of their habits, for it is seldom they are found near the dwellings of civilized man, as they delight in the solitude of a thick underwood, where but little opportunity offers for observing their habits. Hearing one scratching in the scrub close by the dray, every thing around being still, I crawled out of my dormitory, and, gun in hand, proceeded towards the sound, intending to provide myself a fresh mess for breakfast. The sun having just risen induced it to commence its morning song, but the natural note (blen-blen) of this bird was almost lost amongst the multitude of the sounds it was then producing. The croak of the crow, the scream of the cockatoo, the doleful cry of the morepork, the chattering of parrots, the ridiculous hooting of the laughing jackass, and the howl of the wild dog, were all produced in such quick succession that a stranger might well have imagined he was in the midst of a multitude of these denizens of the woods. Having succeeded in rounding a point of scrub which concealed my intended breakfast from my sight, I obtained a partial view of a large male bird strutting round a circle, scratching the rich mould up with its formidable claws, and spreading open its beauteous tail to catch the glittering rays of the sun, which now broke through the dense forest. I afterwards discovered he had been eating a small kind of black leach, often found in the wet soil of the mountains, as many an unfortunate traveller can testify from their persecutions at night. As there appeared every probability of his occupation continuing for some time, and as I fancied a stir was being made at the camp, I raised my gun, when off went a piece within six feet of me, and a low chuckle announced that the sportsman had made a good shot. It was one of the black police, who had departed from the camp on the same mission as myself; and hearing my bird's song, sneaked past me, wondering what could be the meaning of my looking a pheasant in the face within ten

spaces with a loaded gun in my hand. Thinking possibly my piece had missed fire, he saved my powder and shot by blowing the bird's head off, which had been amusing me for more than an hour. On explaining to him that he had shot my bird, he politely handed it over to me without a word; I regaled myself on its carcass, though not at the expense of my conscience, for it would have been but a poor return to have slaughtered it after having entertained me so long. These birds are exceedingly shy, and when disturbed never rise high from the ground, but running off into the densest of the scrub, scarcely allow a sportsman time to raise his piece before they are out of his reach. The aborigines—more patient in pursuit of game, and better able to approach it when discovered than most white men—seldom kill more than three brace in the course of a day. It is worthy of notice, that the song of this bird is scarcely ever heard during rain or when the sun is obscured, and it is the note which directs the wary native where they are to be found. The nest of this bird is about three feet in circumference, and one foot deep, having the orifice on one side. They lay but one egg, of a slate colour, with black spots; the female is a very unattractive bird, having but a poor tail, nothing like that of the male.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Cæsar Borgia. By the Author of "Whitefriars." In 3 vols. 1846. In the romance last noticed there is rant, fiction, and extravagance; in this there is stark, staring madness. The worst productions of the worst school of the Minerva press were nature itself compared with *Cæsar Borgia*. If the author of the "Roman Traitor" has studied in the Adelphi and the Surrey, the author of *Cæsar Borgia* has sought his inspiration at the Bower Saloon and in the playbills of the Victoria. Never was there issued from the press a more sickening collection of the horrible and disgusting, and these unrelieved by a single ray of poetry or wholesome sentiment, or any gleam of genius to make such monstrosities respectable. It is wonderful how any man in his senses (*sed quare?*) could have put together a plot so utterly improbable, or invented incidents so entirely impossible. It is plain that he is one of the many weak minds of our generation who have been infected by the "Mysteries of Paris" mania, and who, although utterly wanting EUGÈNE SUE's capacities, have sought to imitate his terrorism, but so badly, that their tragedy degenerates into a farce, and their horrors become ridiculous. Wretched as is the taste that can dictate this sort of romance, it might be forgiven, were it only to effect its purpose of producing an excitement. But so incompetent is the author of *Cæsar Borgia*, that his convulsive efforts to be sublimely terrible produce only a sense of weariness. So utterly stupid is the book, that the reader's first impulse is to throw it away in unutterable disgust. But he perseveres, perhaps, for a few more pages, hoping that the writer was under a passing cloud, and that there will be improvement soon. In vain. Page after page of the same "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" writing, of the same ever returning crowd of ghosts, bandits, monks, murders, daggers, fiends, castles, secret passages, chains, tortures, trapdoors, and all the vulgar machinery of the penny press and six-penny theatres, put together in the peculiar style of those receptacles of romance run mad. Neither in conception of character nor its development has the author a pretence to the title of a novelist. He has caricatured humanity, deformed history, and violated probability. The work is entirely unworthy of a place on the shelf of any library having the slightest respect for itself, or for its readers. It has not even the redeeming feature of promise of better things, which saves the "Roman Traitor" from entire condemnation. *Cæsar Borgia* is a romance disgraceful to our literature—the symptom

of unwholesome tendencies in the public mind, unless indeed it be met by instant and indignant reprobation from the guides of public opinion, by whom alone may an effectual check be applied to the spreading of an infection which, we fear, has already flown more widely than is suspected by those who have not taken the trouble to watch the sort of stuff weekly issued as original fictions by the low-priced periodicals. This, and the "Roman Traitor" are the first attempts to introduce the horribles and immoralities of the French novel into the circulating library, and we trust it will be met upon the very threshold with signal discomfiture.

In proof that we have not thus spoken without good cause, we take two passages. First

A WITCH'S ORGIES.

A great fire, apparently of innocuous flames, for it burned with extraordinary splendour in a gigantic sarcophagus, without emitting smoke, or consuming a figure of wax, which reposed in the midst of it, shed lurid glares from the summit of a kind of altar, supported by couching sphinxes. Cæsar smiled, but not without some secret inquietude, when he imagined he recognised in this fire-wrapped form a very strong resemblance to his own person and features. On the breast of the figure was a skull, in which was a substance, resembling either a human heart, or that of some animal of similar organisation, recently torn from the breast in which it had been wont to beat. Two ancient hags were busied in continually lading this skull full of the beautiful flames in the sarcophagus, or in feeding them with strange ingredients, which were heaped in their reach. Phials of eastern configuration were there, filled with curious oils, naphtha, and fluids unknown to the modern pharmacopœia, inventions chiefly of Arabian and Greek chemists, in the pursuit of sciences abhorred then, and despised now, and which were supposed to possess magic or cabalistical virtues, known only to the initiated. Bundles of herbs, chiefly of the dreary plants alien to human life, which grow in churchyards, or in ruins, such as hemlock, nightshade, ivy, vervain, and yew, were mingled with the most precious drugs of remote lands, of India and of Iceland. Mosses covered with the froth of an insect which was then supposed to be raised by the direct influence of the moon; glittering dust of gold and pounded diamonds; a multitude of stranger ingredients, such as bats, hearts of doves, snakes, lizards, toads, select portions of other reptiles, and of ferocious beasts; a pile of what seemed to be eyes; the head of a mummy, which one of the haggard attendants occasionally rasped into a fine powder over the supplies of fuel; and an infinite variety of the most beautiful flowers, composed the extraordinary preparations.

The malicious and enigmatical faces of the sphinxes and caryatides, which brightened and darkened with the wavering of the flames, as if at times about to utter their secrets, relapsing as suddenly into profound and impenetrable gloom, seemed rather a repetition than a contrast to the living countenances of the two weird women who superintended the rite. Cæsar immediately recognized in them two female apothecaries, jewesses of the Ghetto, commonly styled Notte and Morta—Night and Death—as well from the indistinct traditions which yet survived in the popular mind of the properties of those ancient divinities, as from peculiarities in their personal appearance. Both were tall and large-boned; both aged, and yet of remarkable bodily strength and agility; both hideously ugly; but Notte's skin was of a singularly dark leaden colour, and Morta's framework of mortality was so gauntly developed and fleshless that she resembled a breathing skeleton, and amply answered the idea raised by her designation. It was currently reported in Rome, that the oldest inhabitant remembered these women old in his youth. Their real name was unknown, or forgotten in the universality of their nicknames, to which they themselves answered without hesitation or apparent dislike. Their father was said to have been a Jewish physician of transcendent skill, which he was supposed to owe to a compact with the fiend, who, after serving him for a certain number of years, deserted him, and suffered him to fall into abject poverty. Some, indeed, did not scruple to assert that the devil himself was the parent of these sisters, who, after instructing them in many hellish arts, set them up with an ample stock of poisonous drugs, and left them to make the best of it.

Now for another in a like strain :—

RAISING THE DEAD.

Suddenly the brazier began to sparkle and hiss, and seemed to bubble over with coloured serpents and flames. A deathly mephitic odour filled the cavern, which produced a strange and swooning languor even in Alfonso, although removed from its immediate action. The feeling was brief, but it left a kind of dreamy intoxication on the senses, so that when, raising his eyes from the group, he saw what seemed to be legions of hideous spectres, and demons of the most grotesque and horrible forms, crowding into the cavern, and flitting up and down the walls, he gazed with the strange imperturbability with which we look on the direst phantasmagoria of sleep. The majority of these apparitions made gestures of disdain, or mouthed contemptuously at the silent tenants of the circles. "It is in vain, they spurn our offerings; nothing is acceptable to them but the newly-shed blood of children and virgins!" muttered Dom Sabbat, in a low and disappointed tone. "They will not answer. Hags, adjure your father, the cruel and aged sorcerer, to aid us, for he is, surely, among these demons!" "Tis false," shrieked Morta, in spite of the terror which shook her withered carcass. "These have not the countenances of the children of our tribes; and he ever loathed thine worse than the plague, living, and will not consort with them, dead!" "More mandragora! Hark at its pleasant shrieks! Surely, we lack some potent ingredient," said Dom Sabbat, hurriedly. "The sweat of a murderer's right hand in the flames! Yet, if these are spirits, we have spells more persuasive than the material unctions of the grave! Speak, Cæsar! Remind them of all the direst deeds by which thou hast merited their aid and favour. Speak, or I have no longer power to detain them, or compel submission." "By the passion which consumes my soul! By the spouse of Christ, whom I won from His altars! By the dying curse of Sultan Zem! By the blood of my brother!" exclaimed Cæsar; and observing that the spectral hosts gradually waned away, he added still more frantically, "Nay, then, demons, spirits, whatever ye are, hear me, for ye shall hear me! If the church of God be hateful to ye—by the damning calumnies I have breathed against its head! suffer this spirit I demand to appear before me!" A moment of profound and awful silence followed, and then an universal shriek arose from all the gazers, even from the necromancer himself, excepting Cæsar, who stood fixed and immovable as a figure carved in ebony—for a pale and ghastly blue light gleamed down the gallery in the opposite wall of the cavern, and a darkness appeared in it, whose presence chilled the life-blood in Alfonso's veins. And yet there was no precise outline of form or feature; vague hues of armour, and of a mantle and rich surcoat deeply stained with gore, and the green ooze of corruption; some ghastly indistinctness of a visage and waving plumes—was all that was discernible.

"Demon or angel, or whatever thou art!" gasped Cæsar at length, while the necromancer glared as if petrified at the horror he had himself raised, and Migueloto sank senseless on the sand. "Yea, yea, for it is he! even as we left him in the vault of Santa Maria!—Francisco! brother! no, brother I will not call thee," he continued in the tones of a madman raving in his cell. "Stay, speak! or my soul must burst in its silence!—Speak! if because thou wert slain in mortal sin—in the arms of one of the accursed tribes—thy soul cannot win rest, and torments me thus! If it be thy hell to make mine! Oh speak, and say what penance, what prayer, what masses numberless, can win me forgiveness, and thee peace!" There was a silence. "Cæsar!" replied a low unearthly voice, which sounded as if from the depths of the grave, and yet in tones of supernatural sweetness and sorrow, not unmingled with compassion. "Oh, I am here!" shrieked the maddening fratricide. "Cast off those robes, to wear which thou hast emulated Cain, the first murderer!—resume thy priestly habit; bestow thy sister on whomsoever her love shall choose, were he the meanest of thy serfs; wear out thy days in penance and prayer, and holy works, and in perpetual labour to obliterate and refute the hideous calumnies thy villainy has spread!—and heaven may yet be merciful!" "Never, never, never, fend! thou but assumest his gentle form to torture me!" raved Cæsar. "Bid me, if thou wilt, when I am master of Italy, redeem the holy sepulchre from the hands of

the infidels, or perish in the enterprise!—endow temples to pray for thy unpeacefully parted soul. Nay, do thy worst, destroy, if thou canst! I defy thee. Boy, that wert so loved and beautiful! spirit, though thou art! yea, I will torture thee, too. Thy darkness—yea, let it be present—when the crown of the ancient Cæsar is set upon my brow and when Lucrezia sits throned my empress beside me in the majesty of her supreme beauty, and all the earth, I care not whether in love or fear, shouts 'Well done! well done!'" But even as he concluded the words with frantic defiance and exultation, the apparition disappeared in supervenient darkness with a long and melancholy shriek, which sounded like a farewell to all hope.

Stories of the Crusades. I. De Hellingley. II. The Crusade of St. Louis. London, 1846. Burns.

HISTORY taught under the guise of a fiction—perhaps the most effective method of imparting its spirit and impressing its lessons upon the mind of the student. A good historical tale revives the past, and summons before the mind's eye the people as they lived, and moved, and talked, and the places as they were, and thus converts a memory into a fact, and a dream into a reality. It is only required that the writer of historical fiction should himself be imbued with the spirit of the time he portrays, and be intimately conversant with its manners and modes. He must be well read, reflective, and imaginative; and these qualities must be so nicely balanced that one must not be prominent above the rest. The rareness of good historical fiction results from the necessity for this combination of qualifications.

The author of the tales before us possesses them in a greater degree than any writer whom we have read of late. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Crusades; he is versed in the history of the times, he has intimately acquainted himself with localities, costumes, manners, and, as it were, the properties of the drama. He has framed two deeply interesting plots, and his characters are brought out upon the canvass distinctly, and with that perfect individuality which always is found in nature, but rarely in novels. The picture of the times is as bright and clear as if the scenes were actually before the eye; and the reader rises from the perusal with the consciousness of a few hours spent, not merely pleasantly but profitably, with his knowledge of the times of the Crusades considerably enlarged, and its details more accurately and distinctly outlined in his thoughts.

The Monk of Cimies. By Mrs. SHERWOOD, Author of "The Nun." Manchester: Johnson.

THE popularity of "The Nun" has led to the publication of *The Monk*. As the former was directed against the convent, this is levelled at the monastery. We never can notice fictions of this class without repeating our protest against such a form of controversy. It is an unfair and unsatisfactory mode of "making a case" against whatever is different from our own. Nor is Mrs. SHERWOOD exempt from the common feeling of all who combat with this weapon. She wields her inventive powers with her usual vigour, rivets the attention of the reader by the interest she throws into her story, and her pleasing and natural manner of telling it, and then she directs the captive mind to certain opinions of her own, adverse to certain other opinions, and interweaving both into her narrative, so contrives it that all connected with the one shall be paragons of virtue and favourites of fortune, all who hold the other, odious in mind, if not in body, and blighted in their hopes.

The Monk of Cimies exhibits both the excellencies and the faults we have described. As a tale, it is fascinating; as a controversial weapon, powerful, but unfair. It is published at a price so trifling, that its circulation must

be immense, or the publishers will incur great loss. But such is the popularity of Mrs. SHERWOOD, that any fiction bearing her name upon the title-page commands a vast circle of readers, and this is, as a literary work, one of her best.

The Roman Traitor; a True Tale of the Republic. By H. W. HERBERT, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1836. "A ROMAN novel of the classic ages." Such is the author's design, as he has himself declared,—but with modest questionings of his capacity to accomplish it. The judgment he has anticipated, we must in honesty confirm. According to Mr. HERBERT the possession of very considerable abilities and many of the qualifications for a novelist, we are compelled, nevertheless, to pronounce the *Roman Traitor* a decided failure. Its defects so far outweigh its merits that the best friends of the author will be the most desirous that it should pass into oblivion, that he might have an opportunity of re-appearing at a more mature age, without the dead-weight of this premature production being about his neck. It is only for some promise that it contains, but from no worth in the performance, that the *Roman Traitor* demands even a brief notice at the hands of the honest critic.

The conspiracy of CATILINE is the foundation of the plot. But with all the advantages of such a theme, Mr. HERBERT has failed to weave an attractive romance, because he wants the power to revivify the past. He cannot call before the enchanted eye of the reader the times and people that have been, wrap them in air and sunshine, clothe them in their proper costumes, and bid them move and talk as they moved and talked in life. Shadows as they are, shadows they remain, gliding about, with no speculation in their eyes, no humanity in their aspect, no vital breath in their voices. We are introduced not to real Rome, but to conventional Rome—the Rome of the school and the college—and not the Rome of reality. As if conscious of his incapacity, Mr. HERBERT indulges in the bad taste of exaggeration in situation and in dialogue. He makes convulsive efforts after the intense, and piles up big epithets, flings about notes of interjection—indulges in dashes and sudden breakings off of sentences; in short, has made the Adelphi and Surrey stage his models, instead of looking within and consulting his own mind, and asking if that mad, distorted work bear any resemblance to aught that ever existed in nature. He revels in scenes of murder and combat. Thus, in that of CATILINE's death, he fairly tears passion to tatters. The process of killing is elaborated with evident love of the work. It is some hours a doing. Thrice does he slay the slain, and thus, after protracted torture inflicted upon his reader as well as upon his hero, does he close the scene:—

The fierce demoniac sneer died on the lips; a glare of horror filled the savage eyes; the jaw gibbered and fell; a quick spasm shook the strong frame, and in a paroxysm of frustrated spite and disappointed fury, the dark spirit which had never spared or pitied, went to its everlasting home.

But enough of this. Mr. HERBERT is, we presume, a very young man. He can write well occasionally, and therefore there is hope for him. But he must emancipate himself at once and for ever from the trammels of the wretched school in which he has hitherto trained himself, and by long study of nature learn to discriminate between sense and nonsense, eloquence and grandiloquence, power and fustian, or he will never rise beyond the ranks of those who supply the "horrible" romances to the penny periodicals. By perseverance and self-discipline, he may possibly hope to achieve a respectable position in the circulating library.

RELIGION.

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By JOHN HARRIS, D.D. Author of "The Great Teacher," &c. London, 1846. Ward and Co. THE purpose of this treatise, so far as we are able to understand it, is to trace the connexion between natural science and theology. It is the first of a series in which the principles deduced and applied to the successive stages of the pre-Adamite earth are to be applied to the development of man as an individual;—to the family, to the nation, to the Son of God, to His Church, to revelation, and to the future prospects of humanity.

The work is very profound—so much so that, after careful perusal, we despair of conveying any thing like a summary of the argument within any space we could devote to it, and therefore we are reluctantly compelled to be content with a general description of its design. As we understand it, Dr. HARRIS proposes to shew that the development exhibited in the geological history of the pre-Adamite earth is a law of nature not limited to this globe, but operating also in man, its inhabitant, and that revelation rightly read points to the same conclusion. The argument is closely reasoned, so that the perusal of the volume is a mental exercise. It is a book to be studied. At times Dr. HARRIS is warmed into eloquence, but he usually confines himself to the plain language adapted to an argument. When we opened the book, we had hoped to have followed the train of the reasoning in an abstract that should convey an intelligible notion of the author's labours; but having made the attempt, we were obliged to abandon it at the very beginning, and we can only now heartily commend it to the attention of all who are accustomed to the exercise of thought, as a work that will teach much and suggest a great deal more.

The Retrospect. Being an Inquiry into the Fulfilment of Prophecy during the last twenty years, &c. Vol. I. London: Painter.

AN attempt to shew that passing events, or rather, the history of the last twenty years, is a fulfilment of prophecy which betokens the speedy coming of the Lord. The argument is one which it would be quite beyond our province to follow, but it may be stated that the author is earnest, and even eloquent. But we should like much to know if he practises what he teaches. Has he insured his life? does he save money? build houses, plant trees, or take any thought for the morrow? If so, it is plain that his theory is only a dream, and not a conviction. Action is the only test of faith.

Pulpit Studies; or Aids to Preaching and Meditation. By JOHN STYLES, D.D. Second Series. London: Ward and Co.

THE success that attended the first series of these *Pulpit Studies* has induced Dr. STYLES to publish a second, which will no doubt prove equally, if not more popular, for their character is more miscellaneous, and therefore more likely to please the general reader. The subjects are very various, no less than forty being treated in this little volume. This indicates brevity, which is certainly as much the soul of a sermon as it is said to be of wit. And Dr. STYLES can afford to be brief, for he says more in five lines than many preachers in fifty. His discourses are, indeed, singularly substantial; they are pregnant with thought, and terse and vigorous in expression. The volume is not only well adapted for family reading, it will be a fine study for young preachers, teaching them both what to do and what to avoid. We are pleased also to observe that Dr. STYLES has not neglected the wealth of pulpit eloquence stored up in the divinity of the seventeenth century: he has turned it to

good account, and acknowledges the source of some of his inspirations. This is honest, and, like all honesty—the truest wisdom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Concerning Heaven and its Wonders, and concerning Hell; being a Relation of Things heard and seen. Translated from the Latin of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. London: Newbery.

DOUBTLESS the name of SWEDENBORG is familiar to most of our readers; and it is known that he still has many followers, not only in Great Britain, but in almost every country in Europe. But few, probably, know what wild things he taught and they believe. A translation of his narrative, containing an account of his ecstatic visits to heaven and hell, is now before us, and being a very remarkable book—manifestly the work of one who was not altogether mad but “mad nor nor west”—a monomaniac—perhaps a short account of it will amuse the idle and instruct the thoughtful reader.

SWEDENBORG begins by asserting that he had actual ocular inspection of heaven, and personal intercourse with angels. “It has been given me,” he says, “to associate with angels, and to converse with them as one man with another, and also to see the things which are in the heavens, as well as those which are in the hells, and this during thirteen years.”

On the subject of the personation of the Deity, he informs us that the angels told him they could not distinguish in heaven the Divine into three, but that three are united in one to the eye, and it is not allowable even to think of them in distinct personation. Speech in heaven is “cogitative speech, or thought speaking;” each reads the thoughts of all; a third part of the inhabitants of heaven, he adds, consists of infants; there they grow up and are perfected by knowledge to angelic intelligence and wisdom.

The kingdom of heaven, he says, is distinguished generally into two kingdoms, specifically into three heavens, and in particular, into innumerable societies, the inhabitants of each having varieties of celestial powers and intelligences. The angels occupying each heaven cannot pass from one to the other.

The societies of heaven are thus described:—

The angels of each heaven are not together in one place, but are distinguished into societies greater or lesser, according to the differences of the good of love and faith in which they are. They who are in similar good form one society. There is an infinite variety of good in the heavens, and the quality of every angel is determined by his own good.

All in one society are distinctly arranged according to the same law. They who are more perfect, that is, who excel in good, and therefore in love, wisdom and intelligence, are in the midst. They who excel less, are round about, and are distant according to the degree in which their perfection diminishes. This arrangement may be compared to light decreasing from its centre to the circumference. They who are in the midst are also in the greatest light, and they who are towards the circumference are in less and less.

They who are of like dispositions are, as it were, spontaneously associated with their like, for with their like they are as with their own [relations or friends], and at home, but with others as with strangers, and abroad. When they are with their like, they are also in their freedom, and thence in the full delight of their life.

All, who are in similar good, know each other also, just as men in the world know their kindred, relations, and friends, although they never saw them before; the reason is, because in the other life there are no kindreds, relationships, and friendships, but what are spiritual, that is which are of love and faith. This it has been sometimes given me to see, when in the spirit, withdrawn from the body, and thus in company with angels. On such occasions, I have seen some of them who seemed as if they had been known to me from infancy;

but others seemed altogether unknown to me. They who seemed known to me from infancy, were such as were in a state similar to the state of my spirit, but they who were unknown, were in a dissimilar state.

The forms of angels, he says, are human:—

From all my experience, which has now continued for many years, I can declare and solemnly affirm that the form of the angels is in every respect human; that they have faces, eyes, ears, breasts, arms, hands, and feet; that they see, hear, and converse with each other; in a word, that no external attribute of man is wanting, except the material body. I have seen them in their own light, which exceeds by many degrees the noon-day light of the world, and in that light I observed all parts of their faces more distinctly and clearly than ever I did the faces of men on earth. It has been also granted me to see an angel of the inmost heaven. His countenance was brighter and more resplendent than the faces of the angels of the inferior heavens. I examined him closely, and he had a human form in all perfection.

According to SWEDENBORG, there is light and heat in heaven, both greater than in this earth, and there are four quarters, too, but differing in their order from ours, while the angels possess the remarkable faculty of having “the east before them whithersoever they turn.” The angelic state is not uniform. “Sometimes they are in a state of intense love, sometimes in a state not so intense.” “These states do not succeed each other uniformly, but with variety, like the variations of the state of light and shade.” Time, in our sense of the word, is unknown; it is measured only by changes of state. The forms of things are the same in heaven as in earth. Hence—

Since angels are men, and live together in society like men on earth, therefore they have garments, houses, and other things of a like nature, but with this difference, that all things with them are more perfect, because angels exist in a more perfect state. * * * The garments with which the angels are clothed, like all other things, correspond, and because they correspond, they also really exist, and since their garments correspond to their intelligence, therefore all in the heavens appear clothed according to their intelligence; and since some excel others in intelligence, therefore they are more beautifully clad than others. The most intelligent have garments which glitter as from flame, and some are resplendent as from light. The less intelligent have garments of clear or opaque white without splendour, and the still less intelligent have garments of different colours: but the angels of the inmost heaven are naked.

And for the description of the habitations and palaces of heaven, take his own words:—

Whenever I have conversed with the angels mouth to mouth, I have been present with them in their habitations, which are exactly like the habitations on earth called houses, but more beautiful. They contain chambers, inner rooms, and bed-chambers, in great numbers; courts also, and around them gardens, shrubberies, and fields. Where the angels live in societies, their habitations are contiguous, or near to each other, and arranged in the form of a city, with streets, ways, and squares, exactly like the cities on our earth. It has been granted me to walk through them, and to look about on every side, and occasionally to enter the houses. This occurred when I was in a state of full wakefulness, and my interior sight was opened. I have seen the palaces of heaven, which are magnificent beyond description. Their upper parts were refulgent as if they were pure gold, and their lower parts as if they were precious stones. Some were more splendid than others: and the splendour without was equalled by the magnificence within. The apartments were ornamented with decorations, which neither language nor science can adequately describe. On the south sides were paradises, in which all things were similarly resplendent. In some places the leaves of the trees were like silver, and the fruits like gold; the colours of the flowers which were arranged in beds appeared like rainbows, and the grounds were contiguous to other palaces, which terminated the view.

The form of celestial government is minutely described; and then we have an account of the worship of the heavens.

Divine worship in the heavens is not unlike that on earth in externals, but it differs as to internals. In the heavens, as on earth, there are doctrines, preachings, and temples. The doctrines agree as to essentials, but are of more interior wisdom in the superior than in the inferior heavens. The preaching is according to doctrines; and as they have houses and palaces, so also they have temples, in which preaching is performed. Such things exist in heaven, because the angels are continually perfected in wisdom and love; for they have understanding and will like men, and are capable of advancing for ever towards perfection. The understanding is perfected by the truths which are of intelligence, and the will by the goods which are of love.

But SWEDENBORG is not content with these general remarks. He paints the very scene:—

In order that I might understand the nature of the assemblies in their temples, it had been granted me to enter them sometimes, and hear the preaching. The preacher stands in a pulpit on the east. Before his face sit those who are in the light of wisdom above others, and on their right and left those who are in less light. They sit in the form of a circus, so that all are in view of the preacher. No one sits on either side of him, so as to be out of his sight. The novitiates stand at the door, on the east of the temple, and on the left of the pulpit. No one is allowed to stand behind the pulpit, because the preacher would be confused by it, and he is confused if any one in the congregation dissents from what is said, wherefore the dissentient is bound to turn away his face. The sermons are fraught with such wisdom, that nothing of the kind in the world can be compared with them, because the preachers in heaven are in interior light.

When angels speak with man they do not speak in their own language, but in the language of him with whom they converse, and the reason is, that when they speak with man they conjoin themselves with him, and, by sympathy, fall into a similar train of thought, the angel thus entering into all the man's memory so perfectly, that he appears to know all the man knows.

Infants grow up in heaven and are educated there:—

On many occasions, when very young infants have been present with me in choirs, their speech was heard as somewhat tender and unarranged, proving that they did not yet act in unity, as they do afterwards when they become more adult; and, what surprised me, the spirits who were present with me could not refrain from leading them to speak. This desire is innate in spirits. I observed that on all these occasions the infants resisted, and were unwilling to speak as they were led. Their refusal and resistance was attended with a species of indignation, as I often perceived; and when they were permitted to speak freely, they only said that it is not so. I have been informed that this is the temptation of infants, and that it is permitted in order to accustom them, not only to resist what is false and evil, but also to teach them that they should not think, speak, and act from others; and, consequently, that they should not suffer themselves to be led by any other than the Lord alone.

One of SWEDENBORG's oddest notions was as to the transfer to heaven of the differences between rich and poor that prevail on earth. "The lot of the rich in heaven," he says, "is such that they excel all others in opulence. Some of them dwell in palaces, in which all things are refulgent as with gold and silver, and they enjoy also an abundance of every thing that can promote the uses of life; nevertheless they do not set their hearts at all on such things, but on the uses themselves which they promote." As for the poor, "they do not go to heaven on account of their poverty, but on account of their life." On another important point he thus enlightens us:—

Since heaven is from the human race, and the angels of heaven are therefore of both sexes; and since it was ordained

from creation that the woman should be for the man, and the man for the woman, and thus that each should be the other's; and since the love that it should be so is innate in both; it follows, that there are marriages in heaven as well as on earth; but their nature is widely different. I will therefore explain the nature and quality of marriages in heaven, and shew in what they differ from marriages on earth, and in what they agree.

Marriage in the heavens is the conjunction of two into one mind. The nature of this conjunction shall be first explained. The mind consists of two parts, one of which is called the understanding, and the other the will. When these two parts act in unity, they are then called one mind. In heaven the husband acts as that part of the individual mind which is called the understanding, and the wife as that which is called the will. When this conjunction, which is of the interiors, descends into the inferior principles which are of the body, it is perceived and felt as love; and that love is conjugal love. Hence it is evident, that conjugal love derives its origin from the conjunction of two into one mind. This is called in heaven cohabitation; and it is said of such that they are not two but one. Two married partners in heaven are therefore not called two but one angel.

The following information will give satisfaction to ladies of a certain age:—

They who are in heaven are continually advancing to the spring time of life, and the more thousands of years they live, the more delightful and happy is the spring to which they attain. This progression goes on to eternity, with an increase according to the progressions and degrees of their love, charity, and faith. Women who have died old and worn out with age, but who had lived in faith in the Lord, in charity towards their neighbour, and in happy conjugal love with a husband, after a succession of years come more and more into the flower of youth, and into a beauty which exceeds all the conceptions of beauty which can be formed from that which the eye has seen.

But enough of this remarkable work. It is evident that SWEDENBORG was neither a fool, nor an impostor, but a visionary, self-deluded, who mistook the dreams of a powerful imagination for realities. That he sincerely believed all that he has recorded, will scarcely be doubted. That he was a man of extraordinary ability is obvious. But that the fine wit had passed into partial madness is the rational explanation of one of the most complete, ingenious, and well-told visions of insanity that ever deluded the brain from which it sprang, and found disciples in brains that cannot plead the same excuse.

Look before you Leap; or, Wooings and Weddings. A Comedy in Five Acts. By GEORGE W. TURNER, Author of "The Provost of Bruges," &c. London, 1846.

If the rarity of its appearance be any proof, a comedy is more difficult to write even than a tragedy. Every year produces some half-dozen compositions bearing the name, but when heard or read, they prove to be little better than elaborated farces or dull declamations. The truth is, that there is no rarer combination of faculties than that which is required to produce a genuine dramatist. He needs to be endowed with every faculty that goes to the composition of every character he introduces. This will be apparent from a moment's consideration of the process by which a drama is produced. Having framed the outline of his plot, and arranged the prominent characteristics of his personages, the author proceeds to fill up the outline—to give life and substance to the dim shadows of his thoughts. Now, to do this, he must in idea become for the moment the person he is portraying, or he cannot speak and act naturally, that is, as such a person would really have spoken and acted in such circumstances. He cannot arrive at this knowledge by any process of reasoning. The language must be impulsive, the result of feeling. Being transformed for the instant

into that other being—throwing his mind, as it were, into the position of the personage he is depicting, the train of emotion occurs which would have occurred to such a being as that other, and then the language of nature comes up, and the scene possesses that quality which is termed dramatic, being in this distinguished from the dialogues and doings of those who make their characters act and talk according to rule, and not according to emotion, and who, therefore, fail to move the audience; who are conscious of dullness, and feel the want of genuine nature in the scene, although, it may be, unable to assign the cause of their indifference.

We cannot say that Mr. LOVELL has conquered this difficulty, or that he possesses the true genius of the dramatist. But certainly he departs less from nature than many of his contemporaries. *Look before you Leap* acts better than it reads, and it will not be so successful in the closet as on the stage. Closely examined, it is found to be wanting in truth to nature. The characters are somewhat stale—the conventionalism of the stage revived, and scarcely disguised. Nor are the dialogues such as ever occur in real life. And they are too diluted. They want sprightliness and point. But, withal, the play is above the average of modern comedies. It has fewer faults than any recent production of its class, and it contains promise of better things hereafter. We cannot offer Mr. LOVELL the slightest expectation that *this* comedy will live beyond the season; but with diligent study and bearing in mind the principles briefly set forth above, he may hereafter produce one which shall take a permanent place in the British Drama.

Coghlan's Pocket Picture of London and its Environs.

A New Edition. By ALEXANDER C. LEE. Hughes. A FULL account of all that is most worth seeing in the Great Metropolis, peculiarly adapted for visitors from the country.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THAT kind of novel or romance in which the corrupted, *blasé* and *ennuyé* feelings of the writer form the principal tone or colour is, we believe, almost wholly extinct in Germany. It is only there, where the doctrines of communism, still new to the Germans, are making their way, that we find an echo of that former style, for which every really cultivated writer or reader cannot fail to entertain hearty disgust. In France, also, these forms of the romance are by no means new, but they have had there the advantage over the German novelists, in selecting more attractive means of externally presenting themselves, which, although the kernel was hollow and rotten, naturally excited some little interest. But the lesser writers of this class, whose works are merely produced to humour the caprices of the many, set themselves against the invasion of pure communist tendencies; the more influence that this literary *sans culottism* gains, the more certainly will they lose all in the way of merit that they had previously acquired. It is indeed to be lamented that many writers of distinguished talent are beginning at last to yield to temptations and mistakes of this kind. Until the present time we have looked upon the gradual development of EMIL SOUVESTRE with nothing but admiration and pleasure. What we more particularly admired in him was the comprehension and moderation which, breathing in all his works, lent them a peculiar and beneficial charm. In some of his novels, particularly those in which he represented the animated life of his native province, Bretagne, he has done much that is truly admirable and worthy of note; and his great industry seemed to warrant us in concluding that his literary activity was by no means drawing to its close. But this talented writer, seduced by the suc-

cess of *SUE's* undertaking, seized upon by the universal whirlpool, has suffered himself at length to be led into the very slippery, unhealthy region of the social romance.

His book entitled "*Les Reprouvés et les Elus*," is not, indeed, to be cast aside with many of those impotent, unmeaning out-bursts, against all present conditions of things, of which so many offer themselves to us under the most repulsive forms, but its conception as well as its execution borders openly and undeniably on the communistic. This is more to be wondered at, as SOUVESTRE has hitherto proved himself capable, beyond most writers, of withstanding successfully the contagious influences of the present moment.

He has borrowed the ground-thought of this work from an old Breton legend, in which Christ is represented judging souls, as they are brought before him by an angel. It happens, as might be expected, that this judgment frequently differs, and very materially too, from that of the world in general. So far the idea is deserving of interest and commendation; but it ceases at once to be true, when you endeavour to make a rule out of it, and raise the supposition that the judgment of mankind is always false and mistaken; still more reprehensible is it, when such a theory is made use of, to enable the disciple to look down upon the whole system of society with scorn and contempt. Society is not irredeemably immoral, and devoted to destruction, because all the relations and conditions it evolves have not yet found their full development, nor each individual, as yet, appeared in his full and perfect light. According to this work, all customs and habits of convention are but lies and deception, but evidences of ruin and decay. The author would appear also to deduce from this, that it cannot be argued against any individual, in whatever manner he may endeavour to release himself from such a yoke, or whatever means he may select to bring about such an end. It is quite evident where these social phantasies, of which the best that can be said is, they are well meant, but wholly wanting in any principle that could maintain their plausibility, must ultimately lead.

Yet more injudicious and inexperienced is another novel, which pretends, as it would seem, to paint the short comings and corruption of all present institutions. It bears the title "*La Vie de l'Homme*," and is the work of an author, whose name has hitherto been unknown to us, EMANUEL DE LERNE. It strikes us as nothing more than an evidence of internal insufficiency, with external repulsiveness. Nowhere do we trace any thing like an evidence of taste or sense, nowhere even a germ of esthetic feeling. The best of it is, that its form is such as not to entice any reader beyond the first page.

The writers of French Switzerland have, as we have before remarked, a peculiar position of their own. Either they must give up all claim to the being of the French nation, and deny themselves all claim to individual colouring, or else expect no sort of recognition on the part of the French critics. There are very few indeed of Swiss writers, who, disdaining to form themselves upon Parisian models, have at all succeeded, and those only after a considerable lapse of time, in establishing a name in France. One of these few, to whom an honourable place in French literature seems now secured, is TÖFFER, a man of great talent, lately deceased; he appears the more remarkable and original, as, with the exception of some first efforts of NODER's pen, he is the only really important humourist who has made use of the French language. But at this moment, we would more particularly call attention to another writer, PETIT-JEUN, whose volume entitled "*Blouettes et Boutades*," we lately introduced to our readers. A small collection of his poems has come under our notice; they were published under the title, "*Les Perce-Neige*." They are, for the most part, pure and gentle strains, betraying almost a melancholy mind, and much religious feeling.

Although it is possible to trace here and there, in certain stanzas, the strong influence of LAMARTINE, it would be unjust to say that we felt at the same moment any want of originality or vigour; what we feel is influence not imitation. The "Épître, à M. de Lamartine," is among the best poems in the collection.

For the history of Protestantism in France, little or nothing has really been done; the French have failed in interest in the subject; the Germans in the needful means of assistance. Every attempt, therefore, which they make to represent the spread and development of Protestantism in its true light must be regarded with pleasure. One not unworthy aid towards a just knowledge of the period to which we refer, is to be found in a work entitled "Gerard Roussel, prédicateur de la Reine Marguerite de Navarre; Mémoire Servant à l'Histoire des Premières Tentatives faites, pour introduire la Réformation en France," by C. SCHIMDT. ROUSSEL was, as is above stated, confessor to that noble and art-loving princess. His talents, especially his eloquence, had early attracted towards him the eyes of the Swiss, who were naturally desirous of imparting their new doctrines to the French, through the medium of the most popular and influential men. He had not, however, either the powers or the energy adapted to all that was required of him. He excused himself, on various pretexts, from performing what was wished; but, nevertheless, drew upon himself the animadversions of the Sorbonne, and he was compelled, for some time, to seek an asylum in Strasbourg, from which he only returned at the particular command of FRANCIS I. He then followed his patroness MARGUERITE, who procured him the bishopric of Oleron. How he could maintain this position, how, indeed, he could accept it, are alike incomprehensible. His death contrasts strongly with the timidity and want of purpose manifested in his life. In the year 1550, some disturbances arose in Mouléon, in the province of Gascony, in consequence of which a Protestant priest, in connection with ROUSSEL, was compelled to take flight. The Bishop of Oleron exerted himself to appease the commotion, and, during a public harangue, which he delivered before the populace, his pulpit was thrown down, and he himself so severely injured that he died shortly after the accident. The execution of the materials here offered to us, is in just conformity with the earnest and impartial spirit of inquiry, which pervades the work.

There is no department of jurisprudence so interesting, or so closely bound up with our knowledge of national history, as that of criminal law. In the course of its progress, we not only trace the customs and habits of various nations, but likewise their religious and intellectual progress in the most striking manner. This close relation of criminal law with the history of civilisation is not always borne in mind; and it is seldom we can name a book on the subject, which represents the matter in its true and important light. One of this nature is the work of ALBERT DU BOYS, "Histoire du droit Criminel des Peuples Anciens." Jurisprudence, as it is now, may, indeed, be but little enriched by its contents; but to those who are interested in contemplating the condition of the nations of antiquity, it better offers an ample subject for study. The present work extends only to the introduction of Christianity; but it is the intention of the author to add to it a sequel, containing an examination of the influence of that faith on the various forms of criminal trial and punishment,—a design which involves greater labour, and larger space.

The discussions and commentaries which have of late taken place, relatively to the priesthood and the confessional, have added to their number a publication from the pen of FR. BOUVET, "De la Confession, et du Celibat les Prêtres, ou de la Politique du Pape." The author seeks, by speculation, argument, and history, to

prove the unavoidable occurrence of evils, which every one is now beginning to acknowledge. A collection of fragments from various books made use of by the priesthood, will be found interesting; one knows not which to think most revolting, the ideas therein contained, or the repulsive language in which they are clothed. BOUVET speaks with the conviction that no external opposition will produce effect, while the priesthood maintain the order of celibacy, and the all-powerful instrument of the confessional is in their hands.

In some countries, Germany for instance, Sweden has lately excited the interest of tourists, many of whom have, during these few past years, made it the subject of their observations. In France, on the contrary, it has remained, if not a *terra incognita*, at least less comparatively known, by the travellers of the day, than any other part of Europe. We have seen lately, however, a volume of travels which in more than one respect will command interest and attention. It bears the title "Voyage à Stockholm," and is by AMÉDÉE CLAUSADE. The first part comprises observations on the German towns through which he passed, and to which he gave some attention; to Hamburg alone three chapters are devoted. In Sweden the author wisely avoids all repetitions of descriptions, which are to be found, when wanted, in any tourist's guide; of greater attraction are the sketches of life in the better classes of Swedish society, by which, it seems, he was very hospitably received; and equally interesting the brief view we have presented of the literary condition of Scandinavia.

We must direct some attention to another and enlarged edition of VICTOR COUSIN'S book, "Des Pensées de Pascal," and we hardly can do so better than by quoting some good and just observations we have met with on COUSIN'S labours in general.

The real and chief benefit which Cousin has done to philosophy consists in the movement which has proceeded from him, and in the enthusiasm for philosophical studies with which, in word and deed, he has inspired many young and ardent minds. The system which he himself has formed, from certain German and Scottish elements, or, properly speaking, the unsystematic eclecticism which he worships, has long since been quite rejected in Germany; and even in France, where the word of the master would long be naturally honoured and respected, the belief in it is beginning to fail, and will soon cease altogether. These younger thinkers begin now to approach the sources from which Cousin formerly drew, and they already partially acknowledge that the water of the pure fresh well of German philosophy was slightly disturbed while passing through the hands of the French cup-bearer. It is becoming likewise very apparent that Cousin is, in many respects, incapacitated for receiving into himself the refined spirit and deeper meaning of the present growing philosophy.

We are, however, far removed by these words (which refer to facts now becoming indisputable), from implying any depreciation of Cousin, or any want of a proper estimate on our part of his many, but peculiar, excellencies. Without his exertions, philosophical studies in France would, at this day, be at a very low ebb. We may indeed declare unconditionally, that his word has been the means of enlightening his countrymen on a subject, of which they previously knew nothing, of giving them, in fact, a dim suspicion of what philosophy really is. Until that time it had been generally understood to mean, that empty and incomplete life-wisdom, which expends itself upon the various questions of actual life, or at the utmost, dissertations upon some abstruse problems, having no imaginable or apparent connection one with the other. We call to mind, at this moment, the descriptions of eye-witnesses, when relating to us the deep impression the lively words of Cousin made upon the souls of his listeners, when he, for the first time, drew partially aside from the eyes of the French the curtain which had hitherto hung between them and the philosophical efforts of other nations. Imperfect as these indications were, it yet appeared to many, from the unwonted aspirations that now filled their minds, that a new world was opened before them. Fortune willed that Cousin, after a lapse of some

years, should succeed to an influential position, which offered him both the means and the opportunity of working earnestly in the interests of knowledge. It is conceded to him on all hands, that he has made ample use of his position and his influence, in acting to the best of his powers and his conscience in the cause. As Minister of Instruction, he has to the utmost encouraged and increased the tendency towards philosophical inquiry, which his own lectures were the first means of awakening in his audience.

It chanced happily, or more correctly speaking, it was in the very nature of things, that after the first errors into which his scholars precipitated themselves, had been passed through, they should turn their attention almost wholly to the history of philosophy. That kind of speculation in which the Germans so much indulge, is so opposed to the fundamental basis of the French character, that it would need, before philosophy could be universally hailed among them, a very great change in their manner of regarding all things; such being the case, they seem more likely to reach the desired end, by studying its history, than by any more direct means. It will be easier for them to attain the results of the world's thinkers, from an historical point of view, than by wading through these forests of speculation, and reaching the end by their own unaided flight. They seem to feel the necessity for a certain positive ground beneath them, and this will be most securely afforded them in the history of philosophy. In the progress of this study it cannot be but that some germ of thought will be sown among them, which time will unfold and develop.

We have, therefore, already been able to welcome several excellent works, on certain parts of the history of philosophy, which of themselves have been sufficient to call attention to this new direction of mind. They are doubly worthy of consideration, when regarded as the first essays of a school of *litterati*, who have received their first impulses from Cousin, and inspired by his example, have been induced to devote themselves, heart and soul, to the advancement of philosophy. The effort done deserves respect, and the results have been such as to command the interest of all under whose notice they have fallen.

As we have before observed, this peculiar direction of study is to be laid wholly to the influence of Cousin. After, seemingly, denying himself the foundation of an independent system, he has gradually directed his researches more and more exclusively to the historical point of view. At first, the later Greek philosophy alone absorbed him; the Platonic doctrines, in particular, claimed his interest. There are several of his works testifying to the earnestness with which he gave himself up to this pursuit. Later, he directed all his attention to that important period for French philosophy, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But there was one form, before all others, which for ever attracted his gaze, and round which all his recent studies have more or less revolved. We mean Pascal, that commanding genius, who, although he regarded philosophy as a deceitful but fascinating mistress, was perpetually returning to her arms with new devotion.

It is well known with what signal success these investigations of Cousin have been crowned. It was already known that the chief work of Pascal, his "Pensées," had been softened and changed by many so-called improvements, not resulting from the author himself; but no careful and comprehensive critic had yet busied himself earnestly with the text. Cousin has come forth from this labour, important and burdening as it was, with the success which must ever crown so much self-sacrifice and arduous. A new edition of his remarks on Pascal has of late been called for, in itself a symptom of the increasing veneration with which their subject is regarded.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

AN EAGLE CAUGHT.—On Monday week, Mr. Thomas Hallott, keeper to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, caught a very large eagle in his grace's preserves, at a place called Bankers' Hill. Mr. Hallott had observed him flying about several days, and he set a steel trap at the place above mentioned, which caught him by one of his hind claws, and held him until he was taken out. From wing end to wing end he measured seven feet eight inches; and from the beak to the tail end, three feet four inches; and weighed 13½ lbs. He

was taken to the Swiss Cottage, to be kept among his grace's birds.—*Derby Reporter*.

AGE OF PLANTS.—Some plants, such as the minute funguses termed mould, only live a few hours, or at most only a few days. Mosses for the most part live only one season, as do the garden plants called annuals, which die of old age as soon as they ripen their seeds. Some again—as the foxglove and holyhock—live for two years, occasionally prolonged to three, if their flowering be prevented. Trees, again, planted in a suitable soil and situation live for centuries. Thus, the olive may live 300 years, the oak double that number; the chestnut is said to have lasted 950 years, the dragon's blood tree of Teneriffe may be 2000 years old, and Adamson mentions banians 6000 years old. When the wood of the interior ceases to afford room by the closeness of its texture, for the passage of sap, or pulp, or the formation of new vessels, it dies, and by all its moisture passing off into the younger wood, the fibres shrink, and are ultimately reduced to dust. The centre of the tree thus becomes dead, while the outer portion continues to live, and in this way trees may exist for many years before they perish. The singular elephant plant has been said to attain, at the Cape of Good Hope, the age of 200 years, reckoning by the rings of the bark of the crown. De Candolle gives the following table of very old trees:—Elm, of 335 years; cypress, about 350; Cheirostemon, about 400; ivy, 450; larch, 576; orange, 630; olive, 700; oriental plane, 720 and upwards; cedar of Lebanon, almost 800; oak, 870, 1080, 1500; lime, 1076, 1147; yew, 1214, 1458, 2588, 2880; Taxop'um, about 4000 to 6030; baobab, 5150 (in the year 1775).

An exceedingly large and fine specimen of "sea devil" was taken lately at Tranmere. A working man on the beach observed it first; on his approaching it with several others, as it lay half immersed in the receding tide, it made towards him in a savage manner, but was disabled by a blow of a boat-hook. One of the men put his spade into its open mouth; which it seized, and held with such tenacity as to admit of its being drawn ashore by the shaft of the implement. Its head is about three feet four inches in breadth, and four feet eight inches in length. Its mouth is of a semicircular shape, about a foot in length, and is armed with triple rows of sharp teeth. The cavity of the mouth is large enough to contain at least two gallons of water. On the top of the head was a row of horns; and the eyes, which were of a very luminous nature, projected an inch and a half. It had two pairs of powerful fins, two at the side, and two underneath. Its body was about two feet six inches in length, and only about six inches in breadth. A more hideous-looking monster it is scarcely possible to conceive.—*Liverpool Albion*.

A NEW CASE FOR NATURALISTS.—A small farmer resident in the neighbourhood of Gask, in course of examining the progress of his bees in their industrial operations, noticed among his hives one which a few days previously contained, so far as he could judge, between three and four pints of honey, nearly half reduced, and strong evidence of desertion on the part of the bees. He did not, however, give much heed to the circumstance, being persuaded that the working of the hive would soon increase with renewed vigour; but the other day, what was his surprise on examining it to find that there was not a single bee in it, and not a particle of honey left—nothing but the empty combs. In order to a complete inspection, he carried the hive into his house, and on turning out the combs, discovered, to his increased astonishment, a nest of pretty well-grown mice in a corner! The farmer considered this sufficient to account for the desertion of the bees, although he thought it rather a strange feature in their habits to carry off the honey; but his neighbours were somewhat dubious as to the correctness of his conclusions, for they thought the bees possessed sagacity enough, as they possessed ability, to expel the uncouth intruders.—*Perth Courier*.

A private letter from Philadelphia informs us of a very interesting geological discovery. About two months ago, Dr. Dickson of that city had exhumed, near Natchez on the Mississippi, from the depth of one hundred feet below the surface, a fossil human bone. The fossil was examined at a meeting recently held in the house of Dr. Samuel George Morton of Philadelphia, the eminent ethnologist: Professor Agassiz, Mr. George R. Gliddon, and several other paleontologists and archaeologists were present. The fossil was pronounced to be one of the pelvic bones of a man between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. It was found amongst other fossilized remains of the megatherium, megalonyx, and other primeval creatures. The specimen has been deposited in the museum belonging to the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia.

ART.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures by the Great Masters. With Notes, &c. By S. C. HALL. Part IX. Virtue.

The Christian in Palestine. Part VIII. Virtue.

BOTH of these beautiful publications have been so often noticed in THE CRITIC during their progress that the language of praise has been exhausted. We must now limit ourselves to a mere description of the numbers just issued.

The *Royal Gems* contains three fine engravings. The first, of MURILLO's "Flower Girl," in the Dulwich Gallery—a face and form never obliterated from the mind that has once beheld it, and here admirably preserved by the engraver. "Alfred dividing the Loaf," is from WEST's picture in possession of the Stationers' Company. The engraver, PERIAM, has taken great pains with it, and produced a masterly work. We prefer it to the original, for we escape the artist's unpleasing colouring. The third is from WARREN's picture of "The Arabs of the Desert." This is the first instance in the collection of an error in the choice of subject, so common in publications of a like class. A picture, exquisitely beautiful and effective in water colour, has lost all its charm in the plain black and white of the engraver. Its charm lay in its colour, and as that cannot be transferred, the interest is lost.

The Christian in Palestine presents four charming views; "The Valley of Sichern," a peculiarly picturesque spot; "Jezreel, Mount Gilboa, and Bethshan," "Mount Hermon," and "Tiberias," the latter being a very gem of art.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The arrival of the lessee from Milan is announced in the Parisian papers. The *Fama* of that city, and the *France Musicale*, again announce the engagement of Jenny Lind, although her contract to sing at Drury-lane Theatre is in full force. Letters are now in London from Germany, from trustworthy persons, who have conversed recently with the Swedish Nightingale, and who declared to them, in positive terms, that she would never attempt to sing in England until her written engagement with Mr. Bunn had been placed in her hands. Mme. Montenegro, who sang at Drury-lane Theatre, and at Benedict's concert last season, is announced by the Parisian papers to have been engaged for her Majesty's Theatre.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.—The engagement of this accomplished vocalist, at Drury-lane Theatre, will terminate on the 23rd of December, after which Madame Bishop will make an extensive tour to fulfil her engagements in the provinces.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, GREENWICH.—Mr. Carte, who has so successfully administered to the growing love of music in these provinces, by collecting together the talents of most of our best native artists, has commenced the season with a performance of Handel's charming cantata *Acis and Galatea*. On this occasion Mr. Carte secured the valuable services of the accomplished artists Allen and Phillips, who gave such effect to the work when produced, under the management of Mr. Macready, at Drury-lane Theatre, some seasons back. Miss Rainforth sustained the part of *Galatea* with her wonted skill. The performance was under the musical direction of Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, and was supported, instrumentally, by the compact and efficient band which has been organised by Mr. Willey for such occasions as the present. The full attendance at the concert indicated the high degree of reputation with which Mr. Carte's management is regarded, not only by the inhabitants of this vicinity, but by those of more distant districts, for whose accommodation a special train (with a well-conducted engine) was provided after the concert.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liszt, the pianist, has left Vienna for Constantinople. On his return he will most probably succeed Donizetti, whose malady is incurable, as *Kapelmäster*, at the Court of Vienna. Henri Herz, the pianist, and Camillo Sivori, the violinist, have given concerts at New York, with brilliant success.—Madame Otti Damoreau, the vocalist, and Emile Prudent, the pianist, have given a concert in Paris, the

proceeds of which have been devoted to the relief of the sufferers from the recent terrible inundations. The receipts were considerable, an unusual result in entertainments devoted to the purposes of charity. Gardoni, the singer, having broken his engagement with M. Leon Pillet (M. Vatel and Mr. Lamley having paid the stipulated fine of 2,000l.), M. Ponchard has been engaged to undertake the first tenor part in Rossini's long-talked-of pasticcio, *Robert Bruce*, shortly to be represented at the Académie.

A conservatory for music is to be forthwith established at Munich, intended principally for forming singers for the church, for concerts, and for the theatre; but which, also, will afford to all an opportunity of obtaining thorough instruction in the other branches of music. The conservatory is to be placed under the immediate direction of the Minister of the Interior. Besides the elements of music, the science of harmony, and the analysis of classical works, the pupils will occupy themselves with the history of music, with æsthetic and acoustic. The practical instruction comprises chorus and solo singing, lessons on different instruments, as piano, organ, &c.; instruction in declamation, and in the Italian language. Three years is the time fixed for the students to attend the classes; but, if required, a scholar will be permitted to remain after the expiration of this period. The whole of the fees amount to forty florins (31. 6s. 8d.) annually. The lectures comprise all branches of music, whether considered as a science or as an art. Pupils not to be admitted to the lower classes who are under ten years of age, nor to the higher ones unless the eighteenth birthday (in cases of females, the sixteenth) has been passed.—*Literary Gazette*.

PARIS.—[Private Correspondence.]—Two novelties are now delighting our amateurs—the first is Pacini's opera, *La Fidanziata Corza*, originally produced at the Carlo, in Naples, in 1843, and now imported at the Théâtre Italien here, and Clapisson's opera of *Gibba la Cornemuse*, represented last Thursday, for the first time, at the Royal Opéra Comique. The *Fidanziata* has been given three times with great success, but not with the *furor* that attended its production at Naples—where Madame Tadolini and Coletti were called for so many times, that a police regulation was issued to the following effect:—"It is forbidden to call for an artist more than once, and the artist thus called for must re-appear without the slightest delay; it is forbidden to cry out in any unusual manner, and by yelling, but in a natural voice." You will find in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* that the *Fidanziata* is a failure; in the *France Musicale* it is recorded as a triumph, but these discrepancies arise from the squabbles of rival musical publishers. The *Fidanziata* will have its place in the *répertoire*, but it will be owing to the magnificent singing and impassioned acting of Madame Persiani. Mario and Coletti have also contributed to its effective execution, although the part of the former is by no means calculated to display the best powers of this now greatest of European tenors. The *libretto*, by Camarano, is not well constructed, although the story is interesting. The plot, as the title (*the Betrothed Corsican*) imports, is in Corsica, at the period of the Genoese occupation of the island.—*Morning Chronicle*.

MADAME EUGENIA GARCIA.—This vocalist, who was the Prima Donna in turn at Drury-lane, the Princess's, and the Surrey, seems to have surprised the amateurs at Rovigo, for she was called for at her benefit, if we are to believe the *France Musicale*, 58 times!! in one night!!

DUPREZ.—This artist having dedicated his "Art of Singing" to the Duchess de Montpensier, her Royal Highness has presented him with a magnificent pencil-case, surmounted by a rich diamond, accompanied by a letter, in which the wish is expressed that the pencil may serve to write another of the too rare vocal gems which Duprez has yet published.

GERMANY.—Mendelssohn's *Paul* has been given in Vienna by 1,000 *executants*, Staudigl being the principal singer. Liszt has gone to Constantinople, and Ernst is about to visit Russia. Conradin Kreutzer has been nominated successor to Nicolai, at the Court Opera, the latter going to Berlin.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. SCOTT is going through a series of impersonations here, in which he is well received. We have seen him in *Richard III.* and in *Sir Giles Overreach*, and found reason to be pleased with his acting. His voice and his *physique* generally are good, and he appears to be a careful student of his authors. He is well supported both by his fellow-artists, and by the public.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We went here the other evening to see a compilation from SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.* under the title of *Jack Cade*. It consists of the various scenes of the play wherein the Kentish rebel appears personally, or which have

immediate reference to him. We do not admire the sort of thing, but the melodramatic sketch is well got up as to scenery and arrangement, and the principal part is effectively filled by Mr. MAYNARD.

HAYMARKET.—*Look before you Leap* continues to be successfully acted here every evening, so that we have no novelty to report upon.

ADELPHI.—The run of *The Phantom Dancers* here, leaves us nothing to say with reference to this popular theatre.

MASQUERADE.—M. JULLIEN'S annual *Bal Masque* takes place on Monday, at Covent Garden; the last occasion, perhaps, on which that theatre will be applied to this Terpsichorean purpose. We would therefore suggest to those who have not as yet attended these entertainments, whether as participants in the motley scene or merely as spectators, to avail themselves of the opportunity. We are glad to see that M. JULLIEN prohibits the appearance of persons in the costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pataoons, guises which for the most part only serve as a pretext for a degree of liveliness altogether displeasing to the rest of the company.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.—On Thursday, we attended the exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of this lady's curious and interesting feats; and certainly any thing more inexplicable or astonishing we never witnessed. Whether clairvoyance or ventriloquism, or both, or neither, are concerned in the performance, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine. This, however, is certain, that with the closest attention to discover the means by which the wonders are effected, we were unable to detect the secret of the lady's powers. If we whispered never so softly what fish we would take for dinner, she promptly and accurately told us what we would prefer; if we held up a key, or a pocket-knife, or a pencil-case, she not only described what we held, but the peculiarities which belonged to the articles, though her back was turned, and no mirror before her; she read the name on an address card, and performed several other striking and perplexing feats, as well to many other persons as to ourselves. In brief, we were never more amused, and we urge upon such of our subscribers as love a riddle, to go to the Egyptian Hall, and solve that of "The Mysterious Lady," if solve it they can.

NECROLOGY.

DR. GUSTAF KOMBST.

On the 2nd of September last, by falling overboard, on his passage from Leith to Norway, perished Dr. Gustaf Kombst, of No. 6, Great Stuart-street, Edinburgh. Dr. Kombst was born at Furstenwalde, near Berlin, on the 15th of December, 1806. He was the eldest son of Christopher Kombst, of Stettin, Knight of the Prussian Iron Cross, and order of St. George, who yet survives. Dr. Kombst studied at the Universities of Berlin, Munich, and Jena, at the latter of which he graduated—being destined for diplomacy. The studies which principally engaged his attention were—the "Staatswissenschaften," comprehending history, statistics, political economy, diplomacy, and constitutional and international law, all of which he pursued with ardour. In 1832, he was sent as secretary of legation, to Frankfort. The liberality of his political sentiments was ill-suited to the atmosphere of autocratic diplomacy, and led to a rupture between him and the ambassador, M. de Nagler, which resulted in his dismissal from the service. Early in 1834, having gone to reside in Switzerland, he became connected with the newspaper press of that country. His political writings rendered him obnoxious to the Prussian government; he was, in January 1835, arraigned for high treason; and, preferring exile to the slender chances of acquittal in a trial before the courts of Berlin, he fled to Paris, where he remained for about a year. Negotiations were, however, opened up by the Prussian with the French government for his arrest; and being timely apprised of this, he sought an asylum in Great Britain. In the summer of 1836 he came to London, and subsequently removed to Edinburgh, in which city he continued ever since to reside, supporting himself by his literary labours, and by teaching.

During the period of his residence in this country, Dr. Kombst has been an occasional contributor to the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, and has written and edited a number of works, both in German and English. His ethnographic maps of Europe and of England, with explanatory notes, are most valuable contributions to historic science. He delivered lectures in Edinburgh and Liverpool on the political, moral, and literary state of Germany; and he has also given courses on the history of the fine arts, on modern German literature, and on the Prussian Zollverein. To a competent knowledge of the language and literature of Greece and Rome, Dr. Kombst added a thorough acquaintance with the English, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic tongues. In science his favourite walk was Ethnogra-

phy, his devotion to which marks the calibre of his understanding and the variety and extent of his attainments. In comprehensive survey and systematic completeness of intellect he was indeed a noble specimen of the cultivated German mind. As a politician Dr. Kombst's career was, by the events above narrated, prematurely obstructed. But those who were well acquainted both with him and with the political condition of Germany since the peace, can testify distinctly to two things—first, that if ever man was fitted by the clearness, decision, and vigour of a thoroughly practical intellect for watching and directing the progress of society, that man was Dr. Kombst; and second, that the exposure made by him in his "*Deutscher Bundestag*," and other writings, of the systematic treachery of Prince Metternich and other members of the German Diet, has sown the seeds of that political growth of the German people which the King of Prussia, since he cannot arrest it, is even now, with vain forms and protestations, endeavouring to retard and distort. It must ever, indeed, be a subject of the most sad contemplation for good men, that the strong spirits who either originated or followed the grand popular movement of 1813 in Germany should have been so soon supplanted and superseded by a generation of weaklings and hypocrites. Of these weaklings the late King of Prussia was one; and of the strong men, after Stein and Arndt, the future historian of these noble strivings and base contrivances will name few with greater sympathy or deeper gratitude than Dr. Kombst.—*Morning Chronicle*.

TEGNER THE POET.

The celebrated Dr. Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Wexio, in Sweden, died at the Episcopal Palace in the said city, on the 2nd inst. aged 64, having been born on the 13th of November, 1782. He was one of the greatest modern poets, and his works Frithiofs, Saga, Axel, &c. which are translated into the English and most of the European languages, have been read with admiration and delight, not only in his native country, but almost all over the world.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ECLIPSES IN 1847.—In the year 1847 there will happen four eclipses of the two great luminaries—two of the sun and two of the moon, one only of each of which will be visible in these parts. They will occur in the following order, viz.:—1. A partial eclipse of the moon, March 31st, beginning 8h. 3m. and ending 10h. 9m. night. 2. A total eclipse of the sun April 15th, invisible at Greenwich. 3. A partial eclipse of the moon, September 24; invisible at Greenwich. 4. An annular eclipse of the sun, October 9th, which will be visible, beginning at 6h. 6m. and ending 11h. 35m. morning.

STATISTICAL TABLE OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

We extract the following from a work just published by that eminent statistical writer, Freiherr Von Reden (*Eisenbahn-Jahrbuch für Bahn-beamte und Staats-behörden*).

1. Comparative table of the number of deaths in one year by railway accidents, in proportion to the number of passengers.

	Most favourable.	Worst year.	Average year.
France	1 in 3,362,000	1 in 254,000	1 in 1,443,000
England	1 in 947,000	1 in 167,000	1 in 399,000
Belgium	1 in 806,000	1 in 257,000	1 in 441,000
Germany	1 in 8,089,000	1 in 1,248,000	1 in 5,327,000

If we take the average year (between the most favourable and the worst year) as a guide, the number of deaths in proportion to the number of persons conveyed, is greatest in England; then come Belgium, France, and Germany.

2. Comparative table of the number of wounded, in proportion to the number of persons conveyed in one year.

	Most favourable.	Worst year.	Between the two.
France	1 in 2,201,000	1 in 38,000	1 in 790,000
England	1 in 1,279,000	1 in 99,000	1 in 404,000
Belgium	1 in 359,000	1 in 123,000	1 in 227,000
Germany	No accident.	1 in 882,000	1 in 5,762,000

Although the most unfavourable proportion in this respect (1 in 38,000) is with France, still the subsequent years make it up, and on an average France is better off than Belgium and England. Germany alone is better.

3. Comparative table of dead and wounded during one year, in proportion to the number of persons conveyed.

	Most favourable.	Worst year.	Average year.
France	1 in 1,321,000	1 in 25,000	1 in 505,000
England	1 in 544,000	1 in 64,000	1 in 194,000
Belgium	1 in 209,000	1 in 89,000	1 in 143,000
Germany	1 in 8,089,000	1 in 499,000	1 in 4,450,000

The most unfavourable proportion is again with France, but sub-

sequent years make up for it, so that as regards the number of accidents Belgium numbers most, then come England, France, and Germany. It must be observed that the statement of accidents and persons injured thereby on the railways of France, and for the first year, of Germany also, is not so exact as on the railways of England and Belgium; as it is only the governments of the two latter which exact a yearly correct report of the number of railway accidents, and it is to be hoped that France and Germany will follow their example.

4. Comparative table of accidents occasioned by faulty construction of the line, or of the machinery, or by negligence of the persons employed, in proportion to the length of railway.

FRANCE.

Years.	Number of Accidents.	Length of Line (German Miles.)	Proportion.
1842	1	90.5	1 : 90.5
1843	3	105	1 : 35
1844	5	125	1 : 25
1845	5	132	1 : 26

One German mile is equal to 4.61-100 English.

ENGLAND.

Years.	Number of Accidents.	Length of Rail.	Proportion.
1841	29	338	1 : 12
1842	10	372	1 : 37
1843	5	399	1 : 78
1844	34	415	1 : 12

GERMANY.

Years.	Number of Accidents.	Length of Rail.	Proportion.
1841	1	180	1 : 180
1842	0	216	—
1843	0	267	—
1844	0	339	—
1845	1	426	1 : 426

By taking an average proportion from the above comparisons, we find for—

England	1 : 19.5. or 1 in 90 English miles.
France	1 : 32. or 1 in 147½
Germany	1 : 714. or 1 in 3,291½

From the above tables, Freiherr Von Reden draws the conclusion that the number of accidents from railways is comparatively small, and that travelling by railway is far less dangerous than by any other means of conveyance. In support of this assertion, he argues that "in the above-mentioned states the number of deaths is on an average 1 on 33 to 45, or 2.2 to 3 deaths on 100, or 100 deaths on every 3,300 to 4,500 souls. Of these 2 to 3 per cent. are from violent causes, so that there are 2 deaths on every 3,000, or 1 death on every 1,500 souls from violent causes. Taking the most unfavourable proportion for deaths occasioned by railway accidents, namely, the year 1845 in England, when about 200 persons found their death on railways, they only amount to 0.033 per cent. of the general amount of deaths, 1.1 per cent. of violent deaths, and 0.0008 of the population.

Again, from 1840 to 1844 inclusive, the yearly average number of deaths at Berlin from accidents (not counting suicides), was 90 to 100; of these from 40 to 50 were cases of drowning. The greatest number of persons killed on the railways in all Germany, within a year, was four—not one-twelfth of the number of accidents in Berlin alone.

River-bathing is by far more dangerous than travelling by railway. In 1843, seven, and in 1844, four persons lost their lives at Berlin whilst bathing; whilst in the corresponding period only three persons were killed on the railways in the whole of Germany. In London alone 250 to 300 persons are killed yearly by being driven over or thrown out of carriages; whilst in the whole of Europe fewer persons meet their deaths on railways. It is by far more dangerous to walk in the streets of Paris than to travel on the French railways; for, according to official returns, the number of yearly deaths in the Paris streets is from 460 to 480, whilst the maximum of deaths on French railways was 56. If, says Baron Reden, we take the Berlin Anhalt Railway by way of example, we find that in 1844, on every 10 miles of railway (46 English) the number of persons conveyed was 430,000. To take a similar number of persons to the same distance by the Schnell-post or mail-coach (ten there and ten back daily), 118 years would have been requisite; and as according to the average number of accidents on railways in Germany there was only one death on 45 miles (207 English miles) of railway, the mail-coach would have to run for 472 years without causing the death of a passenger to make good the assertion that there is not more danger in stage-coach travelling than on railways. Experience has proved that there are two principal reasons for the greater or lesser amount of railway accidents, viz. the statutes, regulations, and management of the railway system, and then also the individual character of the people.—*Daily News*.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, NOV. 9.—M. A. Brongniart read a report on a paper, by M. Chevaudier, relative to the

quantity of water contained in firewood at different periods after its having been cut down.—Three papers were received, from M. Regnault, on the compressibility and dilatation of liquids, and on the improvements to be effected in the manufacture of instruments for measuring temperature.—A note was received from M. Bréguet, jun., relative to a communication from M. Dujardin, of Lille, in which that gentleman suggested the adoption in the battery for electrical telegraphs of a bar of magnetized steel in place of the soft iron which is attracted by the magnet, as a means of making the signals with greater certainty and despatch. M. Bréguet states that he and M. Gonnelle made the experiment suggested by M. Dujardin, more than twelve months ago, but it was found not to produce all the desired results.—A report was received of some experiments made with explosive cotton, prepared with azotic and sulphuric acid; and it results, from the table drawn up of the experiments, that five grammes are equal in effect to thirteen or fourteen grammes of the gunpowder generally used in the army. M. Pelouze made some observations on the preparation of explosive paper; and mentioned a discovery by which it is easy to ascertain whether the paper has been well prepared. If the paper dissolves in ether, it is perfect—if not it has been badly prepared.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

486. RELATIONS or NEXT OF KIN of JOHN POOLE, of Clothfair, London (died in December 1836). *Something to advantage.*

487. WIDOW, or ISSUE, of NATHANIEL THOMPSON PHILLIPS, formerly of Paul-street, Kingsdown, Bristol, gent. (Died December 21, 1835).

488. RELATIONS or NEXT OF KIN, of JOSEPH BADALEY, late of Hands-worth, Stafford (died April 1837). He was formerly a servant in the employ of James Reynolds, esq. *Something to advantage.*

489. HORATIO MANNING SPOONER, eldest son of ROBERT DENNY RIX SPOONER, vicar of Worlaby, Lincoln. *Something to advantage.*

490. NEXT OF KIN of ANN DAVIES, widow of JAMES DAVIES, the elder, gent. formerly Ann Cooper, spinster, of Park-street, St. Mary, Islington, Middlesex (died June 18, 1837).

491. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN PAINE, late of Hopkins's Almshouses, Greenwalk, Gravel-lane, Christchurch, Surrey. *Something to advantage.*

492. FIRST COUSINS of PAUL MICHIN, otherwise ANTOINE RECHE MICHIN, otherwise RECHE ANTOINE MICHIN, formerly of Spring-arceet, Portman-square, but afterwards of 56, East-street, Manchester-square, St. Marylebone, Middlesex, gent. (died Nov. 25, 1835).

493. CHILDREN and NEPHEWS of MOSES AZULAY, otherwise BLAW, and children of SOLOMON AZULAY, otherwise BLAW, formerly of Brookersby Walk, Homerton, Hackney, Middlesex.

494. NEPHEWS and NIECES of JOHN ANGUS, travelling merchant for upwards of 40 years, in the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray (died at Aberdeen in 1836). Entitled to a legacy.

495. HEIR-AT-LAW and CUSTOMARY HEIR of MICHAEL HANDLEY, late of Pinchbeck, Lincoln, grazier (died April 1835).

496. HEIR or HEIRS-AT-LAW of WILLIAM TWISS, late of Harden Grange, York, Lieut. in the army, and Colonel Commandant in the corps of Royal Engineers (died March 4, 1837).

497. NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS, late of Bristol (died Sept. 25, 1832).

498. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN STEIN, a seaman belonging to the merchant ship *Enterprise*, who died at sea on the 14th Sept. 1837. *Something to advantage.*

499. NEXT OF KIN of RICHARD DIXON, formerly of Thoraby, Aisgarth, York, grocer, living at the time of the decease of Bryan Terry, of the same place, gent. (2nd Jan. 1832).

500. NEXT OF KIN of MARY PATIENCE YOUNG, late of Carter-street, Walworth, Surrey, widow, whose maiden name was Humphreys (died 17th Jan. 1834).

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

N. P. Willis, the well-known American writer, was married at New Bedford, in the United States, on the 1st of last month, to a daughter of the Honourable Joseph Grinnell, member of Congress. The fair bride is named Cornelia, and is described to be petite, spirituelle, and an heiress.—*Morning Post*.

The Paris papers announce the death of the celebrated historian Michelet, whose late work, called "Priests, Women, and Families," excited so much attention.

There has been some mystification about the health of Thomas Moore, the poet. It was stated in some of the French journals that Mr. Moore was "dying" in Ireland; a Limerick paper thereupon announced that the poet was "much recovered;" and now the *Devizes Gazette* states that Mr. Moore "was in Devizes on Wednesday, apparently in good bodily health."

It may interest some of our various classes of readers to be told that *Tail's Magazine* has changed hands; the original proprietor being about to retire from business—and Messrs. A. and C. Black having become the purchasers of the publication in question.

A society, termed the "Gloucester Gardeners' Association for Mutual Instruction," has been established at Gloucester, with a view to the advancement of horticulture, by securing to gardeners the means of acquiring more expanded knowledge of the principles of their profession by essays (to be written and produced by the members alternately, once a month), and discussions thereon, and by a library.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Nov. 21 to Nov. 28.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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